

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XXXV, No. 2
W H O L E No. 865

April 24, 1926

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$4.00 A YEAR

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|-------|
| CHRONICLE | 25-28 |
| EDITORIALS | |
| Legalizing a Lie—President Green's Neutrality— On the Garfield Front—The Klan and the Senate —Ladies of the Jury—Labor on Federal Educa- tion | 29-31 |
| TOPICS OF INTEREST | |
| A Saint in a Lumber Yard—Orvieto of the Popes —"Do Not Fail"—Is Spiritualism a Religion? | 32-38 |
| POETRY | |
| Recollected in Tranquility—Water | 38-41 |
| SOCIOLOGY | |
| A Mother's Day in Iowa | 39-40 |
| EDUCATION | |
| Pedagogic Wonderings | 40-41 |
| NOTE AND COMMENT | 42 |
| LITERATURE | |
| Some Thoughts on the Novel | 43-44 |
| REVIEWS | 44-46 |
| COMMUNICATIONS | 47-48 |

Chronicle

Home News.—The climax of the hearings of the "wet" side of the testimony was reached on April 14, when General Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was recalled before the Senate subcommittee which is conducting the hearings. General Andrews once again evaded the direct admission that the Volstead Law is unenforceable. He did, however, admit that it is not being enforced and gave more details than he had given before. The principal fact he dwelt on concerned the immense number of illicit stills in private homes, which, he estimates, are producing millions of gallons annually. There is little or no effort being made to capture these stills, since he is concentrating his forces on certain large sources from the outside. He admitted, however, that this effort will accomplish success only in the "far future." Pressed by Senator Reed, he admitted the practice of hiring as informers men with criminal records, and that many of this class had been employed as regular agents. The latter, he said, are always discharged when their character is made known. He also went on record as being in favor of modifying the law in such a way, that light beverages, not intoxicating in fact, be allowed, and he advocated this as the best means to actual enforce-

ment of the Amendment, for, in his opinion, a plentiful supply of these beverages would largely stop the demand for hard liquor, which demand exists at present only because such liquor is the only drink available. The hearings on the "wet" side were interrupted for a day to allow members of the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement to testify. Their testimony, however, was somewhat invalidated by Senator Reed, who brought out that some of them were in favor of temperance merely and others wished the States to strengthen their laws, which of course had nothing to do with the Federal government.

The first of the Spring primaries for Senate nominations was held in Illinois on April 13, and resulted, as foreseen, in the defeat of Senator McKinley for the nomination on the Republican ticket. His opponent, Colonel Frank L. Smith, had made his campaign almost entirely on the issue of the World Court, for which Mr. McKinley had voted in the Senate. The margin of victory was very large. On the Democratic ticket, George E. Brennan, Democratic leader of Cook County, secured the nomination easily. He had made his campaign on the issue of the modification of the Volstead Act. The result of this primary, it is expected, will be felt in the November elections because the same forces that opposed Mr. McKinley intend to work also for the defeat of Senators Lenroot, Pepper and Cummins. In the Republican party, considerable criticism is heard for the failure of the President to come to the aid of Mr. McKinley, who made his campaign entirely on the issue of loyalty to his chief. Democrats are not concealing their hope to secure a majority in the Senate at the November elections.

Some light was thrown on recent negotiations of the United States with Mexico by the publication, on April 11, of ten notes and memoranda simultaneously in Washington and Mexico City. The notes deal with the main American objections to recent Mexican legislation concerning agricultural and oil lands. The American press, which has been mainly favorable to Mexico, regards the publication of the notes as virtually settling the controversy, though the Government itself published the notes without comment. The press sought to give the impression that Mexico had met the American objections. Analysis, however, of the notes shows that this is not so, for the last Mexican note, that of March 27, ends by saying that the outstanding cases will be settled by the Mexican

Supreme Court, in accordance with Article 14 of the Constitution, which forbids retroactive confiscation. Since, however, the attitude of the Mexican Government is that the land laws are not retroactive, the matter remains exactly where it was before. It will be remembered that the Mexican Constitution abolishes all private property in land and subsoil minerals. Such wealth, however, may be held by Mexican citizens by license of the Government. Aliens may not hold more than 49 per cent of the stock of any corporation owning such land, and the new laws provided that all aliens must dispose of everything in excess of 49 per cent within a stated time. Minister Saenz's contention that these laws are not retroactive since they refer to a future not a past act is, of course, a quibble, since the fact of possession is both present and past. In the absence of any official indication of Secretary Kellogg's present attitude towards the Mexican Government, it is difficult to foresee future events, in spite of the optimism of the press. It is known, of course, that American capital is sharply divided in this matter, depending on whether it owned property before the Constitution of 1917 or has acquired it since by license of the Mexican Government. This latter fact probably accounts for the apparently vacillating attitude of our Government.

Bulgaria.—Information concerning the existence of a widespread plot of Bolshevik origin is said to have been obtained by the Bulgarian police through the arrest and examination of Kabackchikoff, who was captured while trying to escape into Russia across the Serbian frontier. According to the published report, revolutionary disorders were to be promoted in the three countries: Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece. Soviet leaders are said to have been appointed to organize this movement, among them the Greek revolutionary General Plastiras, now in exile, and the Bulgarian revolutionist Costa Todoroff. These two were to prepare the way for the uprisings in their own country. Such at least are some of the details as reported to the press. The murder of bourgeois leaders is mentioned as included in the alleged Bolshevik plans.

China.—A carefully planned coup d'état carried out in the very early hours of April 10 by the Kuominchun resulted in the deposition of President Tuan, the liberation of his predecessor, Tsao Kun, and the inviting of Marshal Wu, leader of the Chihli party ousted from control of the Peking Government a year and a half ago by Marshals Chang Tso-lin and Feng Yu-hsiang, "to restore the political situation" in Peking. The turnover was the outgrowth of several days negotiations, brought to a culmination by the defection of Tuan's guards, who, it is said, because he had misappropriated \$350,000 assigned for their pay, quietly submitted to the Kuominchun. Following the disarming of the Chief Executive's bodyguard, a proclamation was issued by one of the Kuominchun military chiefs stating that Tuan since his assumption

of office had done much that was detrimental to the people and that "for the sake of the people we are obliged to take drastic measures against him." Subsequently Tuan sent word to the diplomatic corps that he would not be responsible for any mandates issued during his absence from office which, he protested, despite rumors to the contrary, he had not resigned. Tuan also instructed the provinces to maintain order and disregard instructions purporting to come from the Central Government. An Associated Press dispatch from Tientsin, April 11, reported that Wu denied any deal with the Kuominchun in a communication to Marshal Chang Tso-lin and that he had refused to take over the control of the Peking Government as requested. The coup left China without a President, and virtually without a Government, and the city of Peking controlled by martial law.

France.—Cardinal Dubois has been made a member of the Committee formed to administer the voluntary sinking-fund which is being raised to help the nation's finances. Generosity on the part of the people is inevitable, Senator Milan has emphasized, if assurance be forthcoming that their contributions be not diverted to other purposes. Figures published, April 11, by Senator Chéron, indicated that 58.50 per cent of French taxes goes to administer the internal debt, 24.30 per cent to the civil service, and the remainder to cover military and naval expenses. One item of the current year's budget is 1,604,000,000 francs for pensions and for soldiers and sailors wounded in the late war.—As successor to Louis Malvy, resigned Minister of the Interior in the Briand Cabinet, Senator Jean Durand has been appointed. The new Minister, one of the leaders of the Radical group, will be able, it is expected, to appease some of the elements of the Center and Right in the Chamber.

Reporting what is practically an armistice along the Riff, the Associated Press looked to the conference of French, Spanish and Riffian delegates, which opened at Ouidjda, April 16, for an opportune beginning of an early peace. The French delegates, pursuant to official instructions from Paris, were expected to agree to nothing less than Abd-el-Krim's departure, at least temporarily, from the Riff, the disarmament of the rebellious tribes and the immediate exchange of prisoners. In the matter of autonomy, it was explained, each of the dissident tribes would be offered such economic and financial advantages as would make peace attractive, and each would be made autonomous under the Sultan's authority and Spain's control.

Druse losses of 700 men in the recent fighting between the French and the tribesmen in the Hermon region, southwest of Damascus, were reported on April 12. In a personal interview given by Marquis Alberto Theodoli, President of the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, he declared that "while the French Government

To Help
The
Exchequer

Looking
Towards
Peace

Blame for
Syrian
Abuses

Alleged
Bolshevist
Balkan Plot

President
Tuan
Deposed

as such is not blamed directly for what has occurred in Syria, the action of some French officials in the administration of the mandate is emphatically condemned."

Germany.—Always restive under the present centralization of power at Berlin, Bavaria has constantly agitated her desire for a greater State autonomy within the Reich.

**Bavarian
State
Autonomy**

A direct demand to this effect has now been addressed to the German Government, and in consequence Chancellor Luther, with his Ministers of Finance and of the Interior, determined to visit Munich for a discussion of the problem. The same demand had previously been made by Premier Held of Bavaria in 1924, but Chancellor Marx then succeeded in postponing the settlement of the question. The present memorandum, however, calls for immediate action. It postulates a revision of the Weimer Constitution such as will allow the desired degree of Bavarian autonomy, including control of the Bavarian postal, telegraph and telephone services, together with complete sovereignty in the matter of taxation. In particular the creation of an Upper Legislative Chamber is called for by the Bavarian statesmen.

Chancellor Luther was confronted with quite another problem when the Washington Government discouraged the American financing of his program for building up a large German export trade with Russia.

**Export
Plan
Jeopardized**

Mr. W. Averell Harriman had proposed to advance \$35,000,000 for the payment of German goods bought by the Russian Government on long-term credits, guaranteed up to sixty per cent by the Reich and the State Treasury. On consultation with Washington, however, Mr. Harriman was advised of Secretary Kellogg's disapproval of financing any operations tending to promote trade between Russia and countries other than the United States. Hearing this Mr. Harriman immediately broke off negotiations. Germany will consequently not be able to offer the stipulated terms to Russia owing to the high interest demanded at home. English firms are said to be willing to do business with Moscow and may now be able to offer Russia more advantageous terms than Germany.

In the political field the Nationalists have been active in promoting a more complete union of their forces. The central figure in this movement is said to be Dr. Alfred

**Militarist
Leagues
May Merge**

Hugenberger, described as the Northcliffe of the German newspaper world. The Berlin papers have recently called attention to the indications of a probable merger of the three leading militarist organizations: the Stell Helmets, the Young German Order, and the Werewolf. The coalition was to take place under the auspices of the Fatherland Societies. The head of the Young German Order had at first been attacked as a "tool of France" for advocating a military alliance with the Western Powers against Bolshevik Russia. He finally succeeded, however, in winning over the other two leading militarist leagues to his view that a united front against the Third International is of more importance than hostility against the Entente.

He was supported in his contention by General Count von der Goltz, Commander of the Fatherland Societies, who stated that not only would his organization reject any fighting alliance with the Bolsheviki, but that he considered a fight against Bolshevism as the foremost task. The present aim of these militarist organizations is to establish a dictatorship in Germany.

Great Britain.—With the prospective cessation of the coal subsidy on May 1, and the miners and operators apparently no nearer an adjustment of their difficulties,

the Government has once more intervened in the dispute between them. On April 14, the Minister of Labor had an

**Coal Crisis
Again Threatens**

interview with representatives of the colliery owners and Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, received the Industrial Committee of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. Previously the owners had decided to try to open district negotiations on the wages issue and this stand was interpreted by the miners as abandonment of the national wages negotiations on which they are set. By way of defense the owners stated that it would be necessary for them to terminate the existing contracts and that notices to that effect would be posted at the pits but this, they pointed out, did not imply termination of the negotiations. Subsequent to his meeting with the representatives of the unions Mr. Baldwin called a special meeting of the Cabinet to consider the situation, which was regarded as very critical both in labor and Government circles.

Greece.—An attempted revolt near Saloniki led by three disgruntled army officers was nipped in the bud by prompt Government action on April 9. The principals involved were all captured and

**Revolution
Quelled**

nine were brought to Athens for court-martial. When arrested they declared that the movement was not directed against the Government but against the heads of the army at Saloniki. Premier Pangalos ascribed their acts to personal motives and declared that if found guilty they should receive exemplary punishment. The Government assumed that General Plastiras was the real head of the revolt which was given additional impetus by the fact that Pangalos, now Premier and Dictator of Greece, was at the time in a fair way to become President of the Republic through the pending elections. Advices from Saloniki stated that 5,000 troops, heavily armed, were concerned in the revolt. The principal demands of the revolutionaries were: the resignation of Pangalos, a neutral Government, free elections, resumption of the Presidency by Admiral Coundouriotis who recently resigned, general amnesty of all deported soldiers and leaders. On April 12 the elections were completed and the results showed an overwhelming success for Pangalos as President.

Italy.—With the acknowledged purpose of concentrating "attention on Italian colonies, to make them better

known, better appreciated and better developed," Premier Mussolini sailed on the dreadnought Conte di Cavour, April 8, for Tripoli, where, three days later, he was received with royal honors. Native residents united with the Italian colonists in lavishly entertaining the Premier and his party, until their departure for Italy, at midnight, April 14. Satisfaction was expressed by the Fascist leader at the progress accomplished by the Italian element on African soil, where possibilities for economic development are recognized as far-reaching. The Premier has shown very little result of the wound inflicted by his would-be assassin, Miss Violet Gibson. Her relatives hope to have her committed, as a mental defective, to an asylum for the insane.

The Polar Expedition

On April 6, two days before starting on their long flight to Spitzbergen, the members of the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile polar expedition were received in private audience by Pope Pius XI. They were presented by the Norwegian representative at the Vatican. The Holy Father evinced keen interest in the plans of the fliers, some of whose prospective difficulties he could appreciate, he said, from his own experiences in mountain climbing. His Holiness blessed the members of the expedition on their departure. Twenty-one men comprised the list of those who sailed on the *Norge*—Americans, Norwegians and Italians figuring prominently in the crew. It was regarded unlikely that the full number would remain aboard the semi-rigid dirigible during the final trans-polar lap of its journey from Spitzbergen to Alaska. Up to April 15, the *Norge* had proceeded without hindrance as far as Leningrad, with Hammerfesh as the next objective in its journey. Keen interest in the accomplishment of the international aviators was manifested everywhere along their route.

Jugoslavia.—The path of the new Premier Ouzounovitch is not strewn with roses. With his new Cabinet hardly formed he has already received, but not yet accepted the resignation of the Minister of Transportation, Krsta Miletitch, owing to an attack made on the Transport Ministry by the Croatian leader Raditch. The latter had just brought about the fall of the previous Cabinet. Without personally blaming the Minister of Transportation he denounced the corruption which he held was prevalent in the Department of Transportation. In tendering his resignation M. Miletitch stated he would no longer sit at the same table with a "vagabond ne'er-do-well, like Raditch." The latter is Minister of Education in the new Cabinet.

Mexico.—The Department of the Interior officially announced on April 14 that the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico. Most Reverend George J. Caruana, must appear at the Department and show his passport with the purpose of determining whether he entered Mexico lawfully. If any irregularity was discovered the prelate would be re-

quested to leave the country.—Announcement was also made that the Bishop of Huejutla, Mgr. Jose Manrique Zarate, had been cited by the Attorney-General because of the tenor of his recent pastoral and because he notified the Legislature that he refused to accept the limitations placed on his priests. The Department added that if the findings justified charges the Bishop would be tried.—Telegrams from Jalisco stated that a group of Catholic pilgrims on their way to Guadalupe were assaulted in the railway station, where a number of shots were fired. Mgr. Orozco was aboard the train but escaped injury.—The *Baltimore Catholic Review* contains the statement by Archbishop Curley that Red journals in Mexico were making capital of the reception extended by President Coolidge to the Mexican Minister of Education on a recent visit to the United States, to create the impression that this Government was in sympathy with the Mexican persecution of the Church. Official circles in Washington defended Mr. Coolidge on the score that Casaraunc and Telles were received merely as a diplomatic courtesy.

Rome.—National directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, who met recently in Rome under the direction of Cardinal Van Rossum, gave encouraging evidences of the work being done in the various countries throughout Christendom, through the material and spiritual offerings of the Faithful. Subscriptions of an amount equivalent to 41,000,000 Italian lire were reported, an increase of 2,000,000 over the contributions of last year. In private audience, the Holy Father communicated through Mgr. William Quinn, representing the United States, his deep appreciation of the generosity manifested in this country, whence half the total amount collected throughout the world had come.—A Milan newspaper was responsible for the statement that Cardinal Cerretti would be appointed Papal Legate to the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago in June. The same paper gave the names of several prelates, all Italians, including Mgr. Marchetti well known in America, who, it is reported, would shortly be raised to the Cardinalate.

Recent interest in population problems and the new census being taken in Ireland give especial timeliness to next week's article by Dr. James J. Walsh on "The Disappearing Irish in America."

Joseph Husslein will have another of his much appreciated articles. Next week's will be entitled: "The Eucharist Previsioned and Prefigured." It will be the first of several similar ones in preparation for the Chicago Eucharistic Congress.

The Novelists' series will be continued by James B. Connolly, on "Cooper and Stories of the Sea."

AMERICA

A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1926

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN PAUL L. BLAKELY FRANCIS X. TALBOT
WILLIAM I. LONERGAN PETER J. DOLIN
Associate Editors

GERALD C. TREACY, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTIONS POSTPAID

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 - - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:

Publication Office, Suite 4847, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.,
U. S. A.

Telephone: Murray Hill 1635

Editors' Residence, Campion House, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

NOTICE.—Correspondents and subscribers will please note that Campion House, the residence of the Editors of AMERICA, has been removed from 39 West Eighty-sixth Street to 329 West 108th Street.

Legalizing a Lie

WHATEVER the conclusions of the Senate Committee now considering the Volstead act, the whole country is beginning to realize that frightful conditions exist in a number of cities, especially among our children. Contempt for the Volstead act is found among citizens of all classes, and, constructively, even on the judicial bench. In an opinion on a tax case handed down in New York on April 11 by Judge Hough of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the following significant language is used:

The power of Congress to define or extend (it makes no difference which) the meaning of that phrase [intoxicating liquors] so as to cover beverages confessedly not intoxicating, is too well known to require comment.

If Congress can lawfully make and enforce a definition which is an admitted falsehood, as it now does, it can assuredly extend the meaning of the word "income" to cover items beyond the definitions of any dictionary. (Italics inserted).

By the same process it may be conceded that although the guarantees of the Ten Amendments to the Constitution have a fairly definite meaning in favor of the citizen and against the Government, Congress "can assuredly extend the meaning" of the words which express them, to include meanings "beyond the definitions of any dictionary." For that, precisely, is what has been done by the Volstead act, by supplementary legislation, and by rulings of Federal bureau officials.

If Congress really wishes to learn why disrespect for the Volstead act is one of the commonest things in the United States, let Judge Hough's opinion be consulted. We are not inclined to credit the average bootlegger with zeal for the fulfilment of the guarantees of the Constitu-

tion, but can an act which attempts to usurp for a lie the high and holy name of "law" deserve respect or receive it?

President Green's Neutrality

THE letter of President Green of the American Federation of Labor, to the Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, on the Federation's attitude toward religious persecution in Mexico, seems to let "I would" wait on "I dare not." In all his correspondence with the Mexican Government and with the Mexican Federation of Labor, writes Mr. Green, "there is nothing which refers to the religious policy of the Mexican Government, or to the religious situation in Mexico." Elaborating a sufficiently clear statement, Mr. Green adds that he never even touched upon these subjects, and that his Mexican correspondents have imitated his silence. His sole interest has been in economic conditions in Mexico, specifically in legitimate trade-union organizations, and he has endeavored to second their efforts to improve the condition of the Mexican worker. But he also wishes it understood that the American Federation is committed to the principle of religious and political freedom, "and we wish that the working people of all other countries may be permitted to enjoy the same rights and privileges" as ourselves—a sufficiently barren wish, in view of the neutrality of the American Federation of Labor.

Since President Green wrote this letter for the general public as well as for the National Catholic Welfare Conference, it is quite proper to express the opinion that it is wholly unsatisfactory. Mr. Green's wish, on behalf of the Federation, that all working people, even in Mexico, might be suffered to enjoy some degree of freedom, would have been infinitely more effective had it been addressed to the Mexican Government which at the present time is reproducing some of the worst excesses of Soviet Russia. The more carefully Mr. Green's letter is examined, the less satisfactory does it become. What is the source of the Federation's tenderness for the feelings of the Mexican Government? At heart Mr. Green and the Federation detest religious persecution, but faced by an example of religious persecution of the worst type, Mr. Green and the Federation can find no word of disapproval. The Federation's president is too intelligent to suppose that a Government which by a stroke of the pen abolishes freedom of religious worship will prove itself a champion of political freedom or of economic progress. What economic progress can there be under a Government which does not recognize the right to property as a natural right? And as for welfare legislation, it is based, ultimately, on the proposition that man has certain rights which do not come from the Government, and which no Government can destroy. The brigands now in control in Mexico may promise legislation to secure the welfare of the worker, but no reliance can be placed in the pledges of men whose conduct has already outraged honor, justice, and common decency.

The attitude of neutrality, so carefully expounded by

President Green, will not help the Mexican laborer, nor does it exhibit the American Federation of Labor as an association which on principle stands for the protection of the rights of man. There are times when every honest citizen and every honest association must speak plainly without regard to consequences. We regret to say that, in our judgment, the President of the American Federation of Labor has chosen, when confronted by religious and political persecution, to assume an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards its authors.

On the Garfield Front

THE latest news from Garfield in the Passaic district, is that the sheriff acting under warrant from the imperial State of New Jersey, has read the riot act to the strikers in the textile mills. The New Jersey act permits him to disperse without further ado any crowd of strikers or even of innocent by-standers, and under the act a very small number of individuals can constitute a crowd. It also allows him to enlist and arm extra deputies with riot guns, and to invoke other forcible means to maintain the peace along the Passaic front.

Economists who hold that the best method of ending industrial wars is found in summary processes, riot guns and courts and jails, will probably rejoice at the appearance of this mixture of civil and military law at the front. To others, the act is simply exasperating. Nothing is ever settled right by counting heads. A majority is not infallible. As for a show of force, it is supposed, fondly perhaps, that as civilization advances we recede from the theory that might makes right.

But from the outset this strike has been marked by a stupidity which fairly equals any exhibition ever staged by capitalist or striker. The strikers chose, or at any rate accepted, a wild-eyed young Communist, a few years out of Harvard, as their leader. Official New Jersey responds by throwing him in jail on a list of charges as long as the colonists brought against the British Parliament, and then refusing to allow bail at any figure under \$30,000. The leader's lieutenants began a countercharge by moving the strikers through the streets under a convoy of school children, whom they urged to strike against the superintendent of schools. The sensational press of New York did the strikers no good when they sent a fleet of armored cars to Garfield and Passaic, and bade their reporters parade past the police files wearing gas masks. The police retaliated by attacking the newspaper photographers and breaking the cameras about the heads of these allies of the Fourth Estate. Meanwhile the strike goes on to its third month.

Has civil government ceased to function in the State of New Jersey? A group of its citizens has been at war for weeks, and as far as can be learned the news has yet to seep through to the legislature. This group of Solons could not bid all the contestants disperse, but it has power to compel all of them to submit their quarrel to a board that is impartial and can enforce its findings upon all parties. The Passaic Knights of Columbus have

already begun an investigation which will be of value, chiefly, as stimulating the interest of the public. But the point now seems to be reached at which intervention by the State is an imperative duty. And intervention does not mean more policemen and the establishment of martial law, but an intelligent, painstaking, and fearless examination of the causes which have brought about and now prolong this scandalous state of war.

Unfortunately, intervention of this nature does not appear to be imminent. The strike will stop when one party chokes the other into insensibility, to begin when the beaten foe is on his feet again. That is the history of industrial warfare in the United States. Strikes end. They are not settled. They end when inconvenience to the public reaches an acute stage, and they are not settled because once the inconvenience is removed the public has no further interest in a situation which breeds hatred in the hearts of thousands, arrays class against class, and daily brings us nearer to the horrors of Communism.

The Klan and the Senate

AFTER a debate which with intervals lasted for more than a year, the Senate agreed to confirm the nomination of Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Woodlock's special qualifications for this important post are of a high order; but he is a member of the Catholic Church and he was born in Dublin. The precise bearing of these two facts upon an expert knowledge of railroads and tariffs is not obvious, except on the supposition that railroads in Ireland are as rare as snakes, or on the old theory that Catholics, taking them by and large, are an ignorant lot.

But it now appears, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, that the real cause of the delay was the interference of the Ku Klux Klan. From this intrusion a curious and unpleasant situation arises. The elections are not far off, and a number of Senators will again present themselves to the favorable consideration of their constituents. The secret vote of the Senate puts them, or some of them, in a bad plight. The Klan will argue that they voted for Mr. Woodlock, and the Klan's opponents will conclude that they voted against Mr. Woodlock. "This will not help much on election day," comments the *Tribune*. "The Klan has run the Senators so far up the street that they have lost their way home." Whatever they may now do, a large block of voters will think they ought not to do, while another faction will accuse them of doing it too late.

To avoid similar difficulties Senator Neely of West Virginia proposes that in future the doors be thrown wide open so that the public will not only know who voted for whom but all the debates that may occur in the executive sessions. It is not at all likely that the proposal will be adopted, and on the whole its disadvantages more than counterbalance its usefulness. In considering appointments the Senate has the right and the duty to scrutinize nominations made by the President. It is easy to realize that public discussion may do serious injury to

candidates by bringing into the open grave charges which may be wholly untrue or without pertinence to their qualification for office. Apart from this, however, the Senate must frequently debate questions of domestic and international importance which cannot be made known at once without serious harm. We hold no brief for Star Chamber government, or for any form of government which deprives the citizen of his rights, but complete secrecy is one thing and a proper degree of privacy another.

Ladies of the Jury

AN act recently passed by the Pennsylvania legislature imposes jury service upon women. At its introduction the bill made its performance optional, but on the insistence of the League of Women Voters who based their case upon equal rights for women, the legislature changed this provision. The law was quickly put to the test. At the drawing of the grand jury panel in Pittsburgh, Sister Mary Ambrose, a teacher in a parish school, was summoned. What Sister thought of the event has not been disclosed, but the judges at once expressed their opinion by ordering the sheriff to inform Sister that she need not appear. Acting upon a suggestion of the superintendent of the Pittsburgh public schools, they then added all school teachers to the list of the exempt.

It ought to be perfectly clear that by attending to the exacting duties of her important office the teacher does infinitely more for the common good than by serving on a jury; but the difficulty is that in the Pittsburgh case the judges presumed to grant exemptions which the legislature had specifically declined to allow. No doubt in Pennsylvania, as in other jurisdictions, judges can excuse when the individual can show cause; but neither in Pennsylvania nor in any other American jurisdiction are they vested with power to exempt whole classes of individuals. To do so is to usurp the law-making function of the legislature. Should the League of Women Voters contest this ruling, it is highly probable that the courts would sustain the judges. It would then become necessary, if the common-sense ruling of the Pittsburgh judges is to be upheld, to appeal to the legislature to amend a law that should never have been passed.

To serve on the jury when called is the duty of the citizen, and it must be admitted that many miscarriages of justice can be traced, at least in part, to the tendency of the average citizen to shirk this duty whenever possible. Nevertheless it is not the citizen's highest duty. Citizens who nurse the sick and teach in the schools, or in any manner minister to the spiritual and to the necessary physical welfare of the community, are engaged in a work with which the State cannot dispense, and which cannot be interrupted without grave injury to the public as well as to the individual under their care. An act of the legislature which contravenes this principle does not conform to the requirements of law. It is not an ordinance of right reason and it does not promote the public welfare.

As for women, a majority of them are still engaged, directly or indirectly, in the occupation of home-making.

Since the truest good of the State is based upon good homes, the home-maker should not only be exempted from jury service, but actually debarred from any extramural civic activity which interferes with her duty to the home. Many a man can serve the State in these civic duties, but the man who can supply the mother's place in the home does not exist.

Labor on Federal Education

THE editor of the *International Molders' Journal*, Mr. John P. Frey, contributes an excellent article on the place of the Federal Government in education to the *Garment Worker* for April 2. It will be recalled that the American Federation of Labor approved the Sterling-Reed bill at its 1925 Convention, with the proviso that the proposed Department of Education "should not be permitted to come under the political or military influences of the country." Even then the Federation sensed an element of danger in Federal education, and henceforth, thinks Mr. Frey, American labor will oppose any bill which creates a Federal Department exercising "any other activity than that of a purely advisory character."

Mr. Frey's article strikes a new note in organized labor circles. Up to the present time organized labor has inclined to welcome the proposal of a Federal Department on the ground that in some unknown manner it would transform the character of education in this country. But Mr. Frey now accepts, in substance, the position assumed by this Review eight years ago, and recognizes that the real issue is whether the schools shall be controlled by the communities which they serve, or by a group of officials at Washington. He concludes that it would be unwise for labor to support any scheme which can encroach upon "the full authority and responsibility which is now vested in the State and local boards of education."

At the risk of appearing hypercritical, we plainly express our fear for the outcome of any scheme of Federal "interest in education" which includes the appointment of Federal boards or committees to deal with the problems and tasks of the local schools. What begins with a genuine interest-motive can easily be turned into a control-motive. Education within the States is not an activity which falls within the sphere of the Federal Government; control of the local schools is no business of Congress. There is no "crisis" in education which calls for the intervention of Congress in an advisory or in any other capacity; we have, however, passed through a crisis, initiated by the old Smith-Towner Federal-control plan, which might have ended in the complete subjection of the local schools to political appointees at Washington. It is not wise to enter into any scheme which may cause that same crisis to recur within another four or five years. For the Federal committees will not long remain content with their assigned role of advising the States how to conduct their schools. If their members are of the same human clay as the rest of us, they will soon begin to devise ways and means of changing their admonitions into commands.

A Saint in a Lumber Yard

FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S.J.

THE unexpected is the normal in Ireland. That is one of the many reasons why it is such a delightful country to visit. One of the last questions that I ever expected to be asked was the first question put to me when I stepped off the steamer at Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown). The porter was picking up my luggage when he noticed the name tagged on one of the bags.

"And are you related to the new saint?" he asks.

"What saint?" says I.

"Haven't you heard of Matt Talbot?" he answers with a question.

I ran my memory up and down the family tree, through all the uncles and cousins, and not a Matt did I find among them. Besides, the only saint in our family is still living, though she has passed more than four score years.

"Who is this Matt Talbot?" I asked him.

"Ain't he after dying in Dublin with chains around his body, a saint, sure?" he asks back with some disdain. Obviously he was appalled at my ignorance. He had probably concluded, as so many in Ireland did, that I was some sort of a parson that did not understand things Catholic, and so he did not deign to answer me with any more informative questions.

When I arrived in Dublin, I found that Matt Talbot was almost as well known as "Tim" Healy. "Faith, and Matt was a saint," they all, high and low, told me. During that week Sir Joseph A. Glynn had published a small pamphlet, "The Life of Matt Talbot"; within one week, 10,000 copies of it had been sold; and now it is in its sixtieth thousand.

Such publicity was what Matt Talbot used all his ingenuity to avoid, for he was as anxious to conceal his sanctity as he was to acquire it. While he was living, few people looked twice at him; within the year of his death, all Ireland is marvelling at him. It was only through one of those "accidents" which God adroitly ordains that Matt Talbot is known. He fell dead in Granby Lane, Dublin, on Trinity Sunday, 1925. Fortunately, he had no opportunity of removing the rusty cart chain which he had twisted around his emaciated body, nor the lighter chain which he had fastened about one arm, nor the cord of St. Francis which was tied about the other arm, nor the rope and the chain which left their mark on his legs. In 1923, when he went to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, he had been careful to remove all vestiges of his chains and mortifications. But he had no warning of his final call, and so he died with the evidences of his love of the suffering Saviour upon him. There are no accidents in this universe. Matt Talbot's sudden heart attack and his instantaneous death were Divinely purposeful. They betrayed him to a world that needs his example.

During the first twenty-five years of his life, scarcely an edifying word can be said of Matt Talbot. As a boy he was as mischievous as any who ran about the slums of Dublin. As a young man he preferred whiskey to shoes and would sell his only pair to get a "drop of the crature." What induced him to take the pledge—for three months only, as he warned his mother—has not been revealed. However, he was a total abstainer not only for the three months he had intended but for the next forty-three years. With that Saturday night's pledge began Matt Talbot's life of grace.

On first reading, most people will be sceptical about Matt Talbot. I confess that I myself was a trifle cynical, at first. Though I accepted Sir Joseph Glynn's authority, I felt that Matt Talbot had had as little real existence as that glorious but fictitious saint, John William Walshe, whom Montgomery Carmichael drew out of his own head. But the priests at St. Francis Xavier's Church, men of shrewd insight into souls, assured me that Sir Joseph Glynn told nothing but the truth. When I proposed my doubts as to Talbot's saneness, hinting that he may have been just a little "dotty," as the saying goes, something of a religious crank, the lay-brother who opened the church at 5:30 each morning during the last twenty-one years and who each morning found Matt kneeling at the door of the church, looked at incredulous me with sadness. He said simply, "No, no, Matt was a good man. There was nothing flighty about him." Thus, too, said the workman who lived on the next street to Matt and thus said everyone who knew him.

One of the outstanding qualities that impresses me with the sincerity and the sanctity of Talbot was his desire to escape notice. His acquaintances knew, of course, that he was a pious man; but his best friends never suspected that he had been practising heroic mortification for forty-three years. To everyone but God, and in this world his sister and his confessor, Matt was an uneducated but intelligent laborer in a lumber yard, a thin, smallish man, with a high forehead, rounded temples and large eyes, who spoke with the same accent as the other tenement-dwellers of Dublin. People noticed that he spent a great part of his time in church and his fellow-workmen learned to be careful of their tongues when he was near. He was respected and admired, but only as a plain, sensible man who did not talk very much, despite his perpetual good-humor. When he did converse, he usually managed to turn the subject toward God and the Saints. And yet he did have definite opinions, for example, on the labor question and a decided sympathy with the Republicans. On the surface, he was normal and quite ordinary. Even the very active and devoted Director of the Sodality to

which he belonged for years had only a passing knowledge of him.

Austerity and self-inflicted suffering are matters that one tires of easily. Nevertheless, Matt Talbot waged an active fight against his body for forty-three years, without any respite. At two in the morning he would lift his head from the block of wood that served as his pillow and would rise from the plank, covered with a sheet, that was his bed. From two until five he prayed on his knees, the greater part of the time with his arms outstretched. Then he went to the Gardiner Street Church and in the dark, silent morning knelt by the railing until the brother opened the doors. Ere the other worshippers had arrived, he made the circuit of the Stations of the Cross on his bare knees, literally; he had slit the knees of his trousers and wore a long coat to conceal this fact. After Mass and Communion he hurried home for a sip of cocoa or tea, prepared by himself the evening before, and then went off to spend the day shouldering lumber. In the lull of the work, he would retire into a shed to pray. Sometimes he took no lunch; when he did lunch it rarely consisted of more than a slice of bread. His supper, scarcely more substantial, was taken kneeling. If his evenings were not spent in church, they were passed in his little room with prayer and spiritual reading. On Sunday, he would kneel through all the Masses from the earliest to the last, and after a slight repast about midday, he would return for the afternoon and evening devotions. Let this be said to his credit: very few of the congregation or of his friends knew how much time he did spend in church or at prayer.

One wonders how this wiry, little man could have worked so hard in the lumber yard on so little food. He seems never to have taken a hearty meal except when he was urged to do so by friends and could not find an adequate reason to excuse himself. On occasions he practised a black fast. But he was not content with fasting. More than a dozen years before his death, he read about the Slaves of Mary in Blessed Grignon de Montfort's "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." The idea of wearing chains about his body appealed to him. He found that the chains about his shoulders interfered with his work of carrying lumber, and so he wound the chains about his body and legs. He wore these signs of slavery continually, night and day, except during the period in 1923 when he was sick in the hospital. He was too truly modest to permit the Sisters and nurses to know his secret penances. But when he was picked up dead on the street, the chains were discovered; they were rusted and sunken in his flesh.

As unobtrusive as were his penances and prayers and fasting, his charity was even less suspected. The wages of the laboring man in Ireland are notoriously small. Matt managed to subsist on six shillings a week before the War and after it on ten. The remainder of his salary went to the poor, or to the Chinese Mission in which he was actively interested, or to the making of priests. The yearly bursar for the support and education of a seminarian studying for the priesthood is £30 a year. Matt once told his sister that he had "finished three priests and was at the

fourth." Beyond that statement, no one knows precisely how much he gave to deserving charities.

Matt Talbot is a significant figure in our contemporary history. He is a protest, though he did not know it, against the spirit and ambition for ease and luxury and material well-being and body-culture that have entered into our lives and homes, and even our churches, since the war. He is a part not only of the silent reaction against all this, but is also an instance of that mysterious mysticism that is having a new flowering in our modern Catholicism. He was humble and unknown; he was hard rather than sweet; his patrons were the Saints who practised the heroic penances rather than the ones who received consoling visions. Matt Talbot is a man who makes me feel ashamed of myself. And you, perhaps, of yourself. That may be the reason why God contradicted Matt's desire to be unknown and let him fall dead in Granby Lane, with his chains on him.

(The writer uses the term "saint" and "sanctity" in a general sense and one that does not anticipate any decision of ecclesiastical authority.)

Orvieto of the Popes

BROTHER LEO

SOME seventy miles northwest of Rome, Orvieto is a Rome in itself, with the added advantage of retaining much of its medieval charm. It is a little place with a long story. To one who is interested in history and art and who is seeking something of the air of the world as the world used to be, to one who wishes to reconstruct the Middle Ages and to grasp the meaning of many vexing and baffling things in the development of the Church, to such a one a visit to Orvieto is more important than a visit to Naples or Ravello; and it would be but a slight overstatement to say that it is more important than even a visit to Rome.

For like Rome, Orvieto was time and again the dwelling-place of the Popes. Sometimes they were forced to flee from Rome, and then they came to Orvieto to dwell in the Palace of the Popes, a grim building begun by Boniface VIII as early as 1264, and completed as a local museum as late as 1896. Hither came Martin IV to be crowned in 1281, and hither in 1527 came Clement VII, escaped from his prison in the Castel Sant' Angelo, to hold his court in this little town where, long before Virgil had conferred a doubtful ancestry on the Romans, Etruscan polity had ruled the land. It was in Orvieto that the same Pontiff, the very much harassed nephew of Lorenzo the Magnificent, received the envoys sent by Henry VIII to secure the English monarch's freedom from Katherine of Aragon.

Sometimes, like the aggressive Julius II, whose war armor today hangs in the Vatican Museum, the Popes had to fight off their enemies, and Orvieto was the best place either to launch an attack or—thanks to its dominating situation and the fortifications built by Adrian IV—to put up a safe defense. Anyhow, they seem to have liked Orvieto tremendously, and it was in this place that

some of the most momentous events in the history of the Church took place. It was here that Boniface VIII, that dear enemy of Dante's, canonized Saint Louis of France in 1297; it was here that Sixtus V achieved a notable feat of sanitary engineering in draining swamps formed at the base of Orvieto's rock by the commingling of the Chiana and the Paglia. It was here, thirty years earlier, that Urban IV introduced the Feast of Corpus Christi, in part, perhaps, inspired by the "Miracle of Bolsena."

And now as I take mine ease in mine inn—in a big room with a stone floor—it is not difficult to conjure up the past. For everything is old and everything is clean, and there are only about half a dozen guests—all Italians—in the house. I can look from my window down a bit of narrow crooked street where women with gay scarfs on their heads walk of mornings to market, where passes now and then a donkey laden with paniers or heaps of green hay and where goats come to nibble at the grass growing between the stones of the house walls.

"Orvieto," the *cameriere* assured me last evening, "has two glories—its duomo and its wine." And then, of course, he told me the unfailing story of a celebrated Umbrian vintage, "so much like our Orvieto wine, signore."

Johannes Fugger, Canon of Augsburg, lived long ago and was very particular about his wine. He used to travel much, and he always sent ahead of him a secretary to taste the wines and indicate the best in each place by the Latin word *est*. To Montefiascone, near Orvieto, the secretary came and saw and sampled; and in his ecstasy he proclaimed that vintage to be *est, est, est*. And to this day there is a brand bearing just that name. The lordly cleric duly arrived and so approved of his servant's choice that in Montefiascone he remained for the rest of his life. One version of the story says he died on the night of his arrival, but that I am reluctant to believe. Good stories in Italy are never marred by lacking point, and so the edifying narrative adds that Fugger's will left a sum of money to the town on condition that a barrel of the vintage be poured as an annual libation on his grave. However that may be, his partiality for the Umbrian nectar is appropriately commemorated. He lies in the Church of San Flaviano, just outside the walls of Montefiascone, his battered effigy adorned with a marble goblet at either side of his head. Time and admirers have worn away most of the inscription on his tomb, but one can still read there the eloquent legend, "*Est, est, est.*"

But the glory of Orvieto is the thirteenth century duomo, the golden cathedral, as it is sometimes called, because of its unique and incomparable tri-partite façade. It is in the Italian Gothic style, and the entire front of it—all save a few bits near the turrets never completed—is one mass of bright mosaics, some of them purely decorative, others depicting scenes of a religious character including the great Coronation of Our Lady which occupies the place of honor. And down near the ground the entire bible is set forth in a series of bas-reliefs that must fascinate even the most sophisticated. To sit on a bench across the piazza and gaze upon that façade as the late

afternoon sun turns it to gold is the experience of a lifetime. The interior is less impressive, though there is a certain distinction in the alternate strips of black and white marble which adorn the walls.

One evening I went to solemn Benediction and found unwonted beauty and devotion in the litanies chanted with contagious fervor by the women of the town while innumerable tiny children rolled and kicked and giggled on the historic pavement. They are restoring the interior now, and the impedimenta of the workmen—though I saw nobody at work—destroy the effect.

Outside I struck up an acquaintance with an Episcopalian minister from New York and a little Berlin boy who is traveling with him. The minister was well informed and appreciative; the German boy was polite and cheerful and hungry. The boy knew only German and the minister was alien to Italian, so we formed a mutual cooperation society and went all over town. It was thrilling to see right before our eyes the remains of the Etruscan period, and the Roman supremacy and the Christian ages. The minister kept wishing he had time to do more reading about the place, and the boy kept wishing it were dinner time. But sometimes even the boy was dazzled by the quaint beauty of the houses and the delightful vistas that came at almost every turn we made; and we made many turns.

Orvieto, you must know, is perched high up on a tufa rock that some prehistoric volcano flung there in a moment of tumultuous pique. A good deal of it is sheer cliff, and all around it are the walls, time and again destroyed and rebuilt, now by the emperors, now by the Popes. On one of the walls the three of us stood and watched the sunset. Far below us to the left was a green valley with farms and cottages and conical ricks of straw shining golden brown; to the right and behind us rose the tiled roofs of the city houses; and framed in the ancient Porta Romana, emblazoned with heraldic figures, the western sky flamed and deepened in the old familiar fashion. But there never was a sunset quite like it.

Then the boy tactfully reminded us that dinner is served at eight, so we went back—they to their hotel and I to mine; but after dinner we had another session, and the minister wished he could stay a month, and the boy said that to stay a week would be the death of him.

This morning I went again to that bit of wall where Guelph sentries once kept watch and ward, and followed the comings and goings of the peasants, and saw—for the first time in my life and despite Mrs. Gertrude Atherton—white oxen tugging at heavy carts up the winding road that leads from the fertile valley to the city on the rock. And everybody who passed had a friendly smile and a cheery salutation, and nobody was in a hurry, and nobody seemed to care whether school kept or not; and the girl who came to spread her washing on the grass sang merrily all the while, and the two women with baskets on their heads laughed and made the most abandoned gestures till it was a mystery how the baskets stayed put; and the village patriarch, a white beard down to his waist, smoked his pipe in the sun, and the asses brayed merrily, and the dogs lazily chased the flies, and a steady stream of jug-

bearers loitered back and forth for water at the well of St. Patrick.

Yes, the well of St. Patrick, for the blessed patron of a blessed land has managed to confer his name on one of the sights of Orvieto even as he gets into Shakespeare's vocabulary to give Hamlet a good round oath to swear. Clement VII conceived the idea of constructing—for that is the word—a massive well to supply water to the rocky city in the not improbable event of sieges. His successors favored the project also, so from the daring designs of Antonio da Sangallo the Younger the Well of St. Patrick came into being four centuries ago. It probably holds the world's record for wells. It is over 200 feet deep and 43 feet wide, and twining around it are two spiral staircases where the suave and stolid Orvieto asses used to toil up and down.

And now I am going out to see that sun set again!

"Do Not Fail!"

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

"DO not fail," I repeat, "do not fail. Do not fail. Notice—I have said it three times. You will be sorry if you do." So wrote the vehement Aloysius to his brother.

This is not the place for me to explain what I think Aloysius's character was: but I would like to follow up what I said last week, especially as it was rather negative. There was a part of their life, I said, in which neither Aloysius nor Stanislaus knew what to do next. Not but what there was a positive side to that—they can, both of them, sympathize with young men who feel, from time to time, that they just can't see the point and purpose of life, and of themselves in particular. But there is much more that is positive about them than that; and a young man who felt himself full of energy and was far from feeling purposeless, might still be forgiven for saying: "Oh, well, I leave your two Saints to the weaklings, who go crying for sympathy: as for me, I can take care of myself: of course I am going to succeed: I shall make good, never fear. I have confidence in my powers and shall create a point for my existence, if it doesn't supply me with one."

The answer to that is this: "Be sure these two young men want you to succeed and will help you to. But their ideas about success may possibly not coincide with your own!" They didn't coincide with what their own age, or its society, considered to be "successful." What Aloysius was talking about when he sent his brother that very Gonzagan message quoted above, was this. Rodolfo had carried off a girl he was madly in love with, and had as a matter of fact married her. But no one knew that he had. It never occurred to anyone that he had. It never occurred to Aloysius. For the girl was not noble—a mere banker's daughter! She didn't matter, thought society. Aloysius, very angry, told his brother he had to put things straight whatever the world might think. Rodolfo insisted they *were* straight. Aloysius, glad that there had been a marriage, none the less insisted that it must be published. The girl's reputation had been ruined anyhow, and Rodolfo

was giving scandal to all simple souls. In fact, when Aloysius's mother had begged him, before he knew the facts, to preach a sermon exhorting his townsmen to go to the Sacraments, he refused, on the grounds that he had better start with his own family.

I am not going to dilate on the immorality in the heart of which Aloysius spent all his boyhood and the first part of his youth. You only have to read the laws passed by the rulers of those courts, when they were scared into some effort of reform, to see what frightful and perverted vices were rampant around him. Frankly, and putting it at the lowest, I do not wonder that during his stay at Florence where his father put him to learn court manners, he concluded that the only wise plan before him was to take a downright vow of chastity, and took it. He saw here a command of God's that no one dreamt of attending to: he had no idea that God would give him the extraordinary help that we now, looking back, know that He did give; he foresaw a struggle in which defeat humanly speaking was certain; *but*, he had not the least intention of going under. He took a heroic measure—he made a vow, and could then say, "*Now, I dare not fail!*" As for Stanislaus, I merely recall once more that his father made him, quite a young boy, come to dinners where the conversation was what we now describe as "smoking-room": the sixteenth century was not mealy-mouthed, and when we talk about the innocence of these young Saints, we shall be wise to recall that it was never ignorance, and could not be. But we are reserving our comment on their behavior.

Further, both these lads were princes. In the case of Stanislaus, that meant, unless I err, something more homely than it did in Aloysius's; but all the same, Polish society was based entirely on privilege: the peasant simply did not count, or for long had not counted, as a member of the nation. Not technically a slave, he was there but as substratum for the noble. And the Kostkas were nobles in the running for the throne. Now there were here two matters mainly involved: one was Money and the other was Power. I am far from saying that nobles were always miscreants; very likely the opposite. It remains that if you grow up knowing yourself able to do what you like with large masses of your fellowmen, you are in an un-Christian society. The thing was bad in its ultimate fiber. I quite well know that individuals could lead just and even personally holy lives: but the structure of society was bad, and perhaps, even in Poland, beyond reform. It certainly was so, I hold, in Italy. Aloysius knew it perfectly well, once he came to see it in Spain. He might have thought that surely, surely, where the renaissance of his own Italian culture had not corrupted minds and even instincts, society might be found in a tolerable state. But no. There was the same frightful need of money, and the same scandalous ways of getting it, and the same reckless squandering of it when got. I quite understand that a young man, who had got the Christian perspective, felt that be you good as you would, you never could live "in proportion" if you were to live as a noble. Read the things that St. Francis Borgia did, even after his

awaking to the idea of the religious life, and you will see how hard it was for a grandee like him to divest himself of the will to pour forth gold upon his family and his State. And quite from the outset you will see that Aloysius could not bring himself to order his vassals about like cattle. It was heard with astonishment that he said "please" to his domestics.

Now I take it that these two young men both saw quite clearly that the point of a Christian life was *not* to seek pleasure for the body: was *not* to accumulate much gold, or even have it to spend: was *not* to be able to command your fellow-men. And they resolved, since they did not see how to improve the situation adequately, to go where they could do the exact opposite of what it suggested or imposed: to live by principles that denied those other "first principles"; to live chaste, poor, and obedient.

Now there are two things I am not saying: one is, that our society is just like that of those two Saints; the other, that everyone who wants to do the best in his generation, ought to take those three vows.

But I want to say emphatically, that the one thing that seems needed for the situation today, is a strong dose of men who live, precisely, by deliberate cultivation of the virtues, if not of the vows, of poverty, chastity and obedience.

Perhaps only fools generalize. Still, we risk saying that not this or that heresy seems today to torment us, so much as the de-supernaturalizing of the roots of belief. The whole of Modernism is really anti-supernatural, and practically all Protestantism has gone Modernist. Now I maintain that unless a man is "supernatural," he will (perhaps unnecessarily, yet inevitably) evolve a philosophy of unchastity. I know there are plenty of ways of putting up a naturalistic defense of chastity. They work for a time. But they fail at the critical moment. Soon or late, you hear the defense of "reasonable" indulgence: self-expression: careful avoidance of *either* "extreme": and of course, defense of divorce and artificial birth-restriction, and the denial of the possibility, let alone the desirability, of absolute control, in or out of marriage. I don't propose to dwell on this, but I certainly say that a life that deliberately tries to eliminate pain from itself, and regards pleasure (even "good"—intellectual pleasure for example) as the thing to be pursued, as good in itself, is not a Christian life at all. "Do you then *wish* that we should suffer? Would you recommend us to *get* some suffering if fate doesn't provide it?" Certainly! Pain is an excellent lesson. No man knows what sort of man he is, till he has been through some. Put right aside all philosophical nonsense about pain being bad as such. There is not any "as such" about it. Men go through lots more pain over athletics than the average monk does, or needs, over being a monk. (I know there are differences—there are no off-days for the monk: but enough!) But I should like to see a young layman giving himself a really bad time during Lent: and then on the Fridays of the year, lest he get out of practice. (And then breaking the thread of it, on and off, such as smoking hard on some Friday in Lent itself, lest he pat himself on the back and can say that

he's got all through Lent without smoking. That is already a half-spiritual penance; and by the time he is sure he can stand some physical pain for God and his soul, God may judge him fit to be honored with some mental pain, which is what really tests and may re-create a man; but most are not worthy of it.) Anyhow, if men think, and if we preach, that the Christian life is or can be a sort of joke, or placid, or indistinguishable from that of people who have it all their own way, a lie is being believed, and preached. I do not mean that we should howl or even mope over our pain! "Take it," I would say, "but take it cheerily: grin, if you can't take it naturally, but *take* it, and then don't talk about it."

I go on to say that Our Lord never used "get-rich-quick" methods. It is true He did not say that riches were bad, but He said that it was extremely difficult for a rich man to do as he should, and even, to save his soul. St. Aloysius appreciated riches, one would say, quite passionately, so fierce was his reply as to the absolute necessity of an overwhelming grace if a man were to be ready to give them up, even at God's call. Our Lord could perfectly well have "commanded that these stones be made bread," but He did not do it, neither then, nor later. He regarded the idea as a "temptation," so sweetly reasonable was it from the average point of view. And He could, one would say, have achieved His purpose at a stroke, had He chosen to float down into the Temple courts and have been acclaimed forthwith as the Messiah. But He did not do it like that. The Christian, I think, ought to feel downright nervous if he has done a thing by means of money. You have to have some, and you have to collect it—after all, we must build churches, and we cannot do it with our own hands—though I know some miners who did; but even they had to buy the bricks, though where they got the drain-pipes from . . . well, that's another story. Still, I can quite well imagine a man being afraid, if a thing has manifestly been done by means of large gifts of money, that it has *not* been done by the spirit of God. And if it hasn't, it may as well be just eliminated, as a Christian thing. It has no eternity about it; no life. It is quite dead. I recommend, that if a man think he is leading a moneyed life, and yet certainly gives alms, he should ask himself whether his alms ever represent a real pinch, a nipping sacrifice, and if they do not, either manage that they should, or at least do something else so as to make quite sure he is being nipped *somehow*.

Last, if there is one thing we do not like, it is obedience. It goes contrary to all modern ideas, as poverty goes contrary to all modern effort. "Do a thing just because you are told to." (I know well all the disasters due to the wrong person trying to shuffle off responsibility on to a "director." But a wise director will direct *that* person precisely by making him do things on his own!) But, to learn we are not boss!—either of the world or of our own life. The man who talked so much about being captain of his indomitable soul was the one who committed suicide. The perfect egoist finds himself the loneliest, the most unreal, the weakest. I recommend most earnestly the injection of this strong dose of obedience, of poverty

and of chastity, into any life. And if you hear people growl: "asceticism . . . self-denial," well, of course! "Drill! Soul-drill. Character-drill." Again, what is not the departmental asceticism of the real athlete? But how many a colossus have we not known of the most drifting mind, and the most floating will! He never went further than the muscles. These Saints can teach us about this.

And quite last of all, to ask for Perseverance. That is a virtue all on its own. It is easy to do a good thing: it is very hard to go on doing it. Permanence is a very good image of God's eternity. But perseverance is the

very thing that our weakened fiber hardly permits us to hope for. "Take up, if you want really to develop, a Catholic job: do it though it hurts; do it though it costs; do it though it subordinates every taste, every preference, every particle of self-worship in you, to another. And *go on doing it!*" Who is sufficient for such things? The Saints were. This year offers a fine chance. Aloysius and Stanislaus have been requested to take on their *job*; be sure they will make a good thing of it, if but the human material puts itself into their expert, strong, and untiring hands.

Is Spiritism a Religion?

RONALD KNOX

THE Spiritists seem to find some difficulty in making up their minds whether they want their movement to take rank with the natural sciences or with the religions.

If psychical research is to make good as an experimental science, it has still a great deal of ground to cover. It must attempt to trace in the phenomena which it observes a uniform nexus of cause and effect. That does not mean, necessarily, that Spiritists must be prepared to produce their phenomena at all times and in all places on demand. It is not reasonable to say, "This is not science, as long as you insist upon darkening the room in which your seance is held"; the darkness may be a natural necessity. But if it is, the Spiritists must show why it is. They must show much more than that: the laws which govern all the eccentricities of their results hitherto; how a "hostile influence" can restrain them, on what principle mediumistic gifts are distributed, why "tests" are sometimes declined and sometimes unsatisfactorily met, and so on. In a word, psychical research, if it is to be an experimental science, has to bring a whole new world of experience into line with the accepted results of the other sciences. Is it going to do that?

A great deal of the jargon, about ectoplasm and controls and what not, apes the airs of the laboratory; and when Spiritism is on its defense, it always prefers to appear in this scientific character. But it is difficult to believe that a movement which is now so widespread in the world at large, so rare (comparatively) among the well educated, is predominantly a scientific movement. If its organizers were merely indulging in a form of highly-specialized scientific research, is it not evident that they would discourage, instead of welcoming, this host of volunteer supporters? What could be more calculated to confuse the difficult pursuit of truth than to have a whole multitude of credulous enthusiasts all over the world hallooing at false trails, and covering the ground with their muddled footsteps? The rank and file of the movement are not actuated, surely, by any abstract passion to

extend the boundaries of human thought. They are out for a sensation of some kind. It seems to me that their desire for sensation is precisely that which used to take their fathers to see the Fat Woman and the Three-legged Man at the traveling shows. Others prefer to regard it as a kind of religious enthusiasm. But whichever it be, it is pretty clear that they are running after the preternatural merely because it is preternatural; they are seeking for a sign. And they do not want psychical phenomena to be brought into line with the deliveries of natural science. It would pluck the heart out of their mystery if such an attempt could succeed.

In the main, then, the "fans" of the movement are not pioneers of scientific discovery; they are out to establish contact with something which is either a form of magic or a form of religion. This is strange about Spiritism, that alone (as far as I know) among the sects of the modern world, it did not begin as a religion—it is trying to develop into a religion as it goes along. It wasn't born, it "grewed." There is no reason in the nature of things why it should not have developed on exactly the same lines as the other freak religions, especially the freak religions of America. Suppose that Home, for example, who was one of the first in the field, had been a religious fanatic, half-devotee, half-imposter, and had set up to be the specially privileged channel of a new Divine revelation. His undoubted capacity for delivering the goods would have assured him of a large following; in the course of his trances he might have evinced symptoms not less grotesque than those of the Jerkers; he might have ground out a Gospel not more unreadable than the Book of Mormon. In due time he would have left as his legacy to the world a new breed of Protestant faith called Homism; its chapels would be scattered all over the United States, and in a few English seaside towns. The trances, the ecstatic phenomena, would have all died away by now; it would be quite a respectable religion, with long-faced elders in frock-coats sadly ushering rare worshipers into ugly, overlighted Bethels of a Sunday evening. By now it would be just one of the sects, nothing more.

But Home, like the Foxes before him, had none of the instincts of the heresiarch. He sought only a kind of notoriety which he could share with the Cock-lane Ghost. So far was he from claiming any special deposit of revelation that he became a Catholic, and remained a Catholic until the Roman authorities grew alarmed at his record and disowned him as a magician. He demanded of his devotees not faith, but curiosity. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit*. Spiritism was cradled, not on bleak hill-sides or in crowded little tabernacles, but in the salons of fashionable ladies: it became a craze, like ping-pong. With no one prophet to shape its destinies, the movement ran wild over Europe and America, claiming, and needing, no religious impulse to account for its popularity. Indeed, it would be very hard to establish a connection between any form of worship and planchette in the hands of a set of Oxford undergraduates.

Today, at least in my own country, the craze is beginning to crystallize into a religion. When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle returned the other day from a congress at Paris, I noticed that he emphasized somewhere the importance of organizing the Spiritist cult on theistic lines. Surely a very curious admission, or, if it is possible for people who do not believe in God to employ mediums and hold *séances* and still go on not believing in God, it would appear that the Spiritism of Sir Arthur must be Spiritism with a difference. Surely it looks as if he were trying to give a religious color to a movement which in itself has no particular connection with religion? We might even be pardoned for wondering whether the disapproval with which the various Christian bodies commonly regard this modern mystery-cult has not driven it, perforce, to project a church out of its own inner consciousness, a sort of Astral Body, whose membership will give confidence to the wavering devotee.

What are the tenets of this "Spiritual" Church? What is its Gospel, where is its penny catechism? Granted that, if Sir Arthur has his way, the existence of God will be affirmed by a majority vote, what further light has the cult to throw upon the perplexities of our troubled age? That the spirit of man, you say, survives death. But we knew and taught that already, at best you have only given us a fresh motive of credibility, not any distinctive piece of doctrine. Meanwhile, what of the Divinity of Christ? One has heard a waif word that the "spirits" show a certain reluctance about affirming this. Yet, when Christians dabble in these strange rites, they will often meet with some edifying piece of advice; they will be urged to pray, and so on; I have even heard from a correspondent who was encouraged to believe that she received a whole series of messages from St. Teresa. What is the truth about prayer, sacraments, miracle, episcopacy, ecclesiastical traditions; what is the meaning of pain, what are the true values of human life? On all these subjects Spiritism is dumb; or else drenches us with a torrent of platitudes such as any newspaper reporter could have turned out for us at a penny a line. Did ever a new Moses go up to the mountain-top, and come down with such a sorry revelation as this?

But it will be urged that this implies a very old-fashioned view about the functions of a religious movement. Creeds, we shall be told, have had their day; what the modern world wants is not dogmatic speculation, but a moral inspiration of some kind. Let us grant the point for the sake of argument. Is it really true that there is any specific moral inspiration about the Spiritist movement? Inspiration, I mean, which is native to it; all movements which "catch on" provide a certain broadening of outlook, a certain re-orientation, which is good for our usually selfish and undisciplined characters. But though there are, no doubt, thousands of people who honestly believe that their adhesion to Spiritism has had an ennobling influence on their lives, that is not the point; any movement does; Rationalism does, if you get badly bitten with it. But the point is whether the bare conviction that human life is continued after death (not necessarily eternal), and the bare fact of holding alleged conversations with the dead in a kind of etherialized Morse code, is intrinsically beneficial to character. The movement will not always be a new movement; it will have to teach rising generations and hand on a tradition which is no longer the latest thing.

A future life of rewards and punishments has an obvious bearing on human conduct. But a mere shadow-world, in which Achilles does not really know whether it is worse to be a laboring hind on earth than to reign over all the strengthless dead—or, if he does know, cannot get it across—is the thought of it in truth a good discipline for our minds? Is it better than the thought of our life here as a unique chance, in which we must do all the good we would ever do, because we shall not pass this way again? Is it not likely that Spiritism will demoralize the world, taking from it at once the Christian motive of "Heaven or hell" and the atheist's motive of "Now or never"?

Is it really a moral inspiration that attracts people towards Spiritism? Or is it half-baffled sentimentalism about the dead, and half the old cult of the Three-legged Man?

RECOLLECTED IN TRANQUILLITY

Not in the swift possessive hour
With senses lightning-struck and blurred
By over-sweetness, comes the power
To fetter beauty in a word.

But after, in the lonely night,
Upon the heart, without a blur
Falls like a sparkling lance, the light
Of distant happy days that were.

And from the heart's alembic filled
With drops of beauty and despair,
Arises, crystallized
A song, a poem, or a prayer.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Sociology

A Mother's Day in Iowa

THOMAS J. LYNAM, S.J.

MY friends tell me that they know the best place to spend the summer. Some maintain that one gets surcease from the heat only along the shore line of Massachusetts, Rhode Island or Maine. "With a view of the sea, don't you know." Others say that one should hie oneself to the Adirondacks for escape from the dog days. Another group expresses its preference for the woods of Northern Michigan. As a matter of fact it would seem that the best place to spend the summer is entirely relative—relative to one's exchequer.

Since I am a simple person, no thoughts of Loon Lake, Narragansett Bay or Wequetonsing intrigue me when I clear my desk for the summer vacation. I think of just one place and that is Iowa. Oh, not the plain section with its model farms, boundless cornfields and myriad Fords, but away up in the northeast corner where the Mississippi on its way to the Gulf cleaves into the sheer cliffs of rocks and prevents Iowa from being a part of Wisconsin, or if you have the Badger point of view, where a bit of lovely Wisconsin has vaulted the mighty river and ensconced itself on the plains of the Hawk Eye State. Take your choice. Whatever it be, the region is rarely beautiful.

The process of spending the summer up in this corner of the world is something like this. You make sure of a place to sleep and then go there only at night. The river and bluffs will claim your daylight hours. We used to call our summer days there "picnics," which meant that we chose some bosky dell as an objective, repaired thither with enough food to satisfy the most voracious, cooked it and ate it in the open, lolled, dawdled and talked the while and then came home as the first stars were casting their reflections on the dusky bosom of the Mississippi.

On one such expedition the conversation grew dull. There was really a danger of being bored, when an energetic fellow with a Balboa-like spirit suggested a walk to me. We would pass over the bluffs and see what lay beyond the deep fringe of woods that paralleled the river.

Up we went beneath the ancient oaks until the path widened ahead of us and we struck down a rough uplands road lined on either side with rolling farms. It was mid-afternoon of a cloudless July day and the heat was—well, I inferred earlier that this part of Iowa was an ideal place to spend the summer and I do not intend to contradict myself here. At any rate at the end of an hour's walk there was nothing in the world that we needed so badly as a cup of cold water. We neared a farmhouse close to the roadhouse and trusting that the occupants had heard of the Christian promise of reward to the donors of a cooling drink, we decided to make request. Tall stalks of crimson hollyhocks flamed by the doorway in which stood an old woman leaning heavily on a cane. Nearby the inevitable farm dog sat up vigilantly.

We hailed the old lady and asked for a drink of water. She bade us enter. The hound yapped a vigorous protest

but at a word of rebuke from his mistress lapsed into submission. Pedestrians are not the most common form of passersby on Iowa roads, so our hostess was interested in us and plied us with questions as we adjusted ourselves to the pump.

"Where are you from?" she began.

We told her.

What were we doing so far from home, where were we going, she led on with a kindly curiosity.

Having surveyed the situation she announced with evident pride, "I have boys too, seven of them."

Our surprise and admiration were duly registered.

"Yes, seven of them, all men now," she continued, as the pilgrims passed the cup back and forth between them. "Would you like to see their picture?"

Of course we would. So we followed her through the kitchen and dining room into the little parlor. It was no period room but a place nevertheless of cherished possessions. Antimacassared chairs were distributed very properly about the room on the ingrain carpet. Above the door a sampler conveyed a domestic sentiment to the visitor. Chromos hung on the walls. Do not be over severe on me. If one keeps one's eyes open, one must see something. The old woman led us to a picture in an oval frame hanging in the place of honor above the mantelpiece.

"These are my boys," she said with delight.

And there they were in similitude, the seven of them. Certainly ordinary-enough looking farmers. There was not an Adonis among them. Yokels, a smarter world than hers would probably have called them, but to her they were the handsomest men in Iowa. Then she gave us a catalog of their achievements. This one was a Pullman conductor, this one had a farm in Nebraska, another at the moment was "picking blueberries in the Mississippi Bottoms," another, of course, was living in Chicago (every Iowa family has at least one absent member in Chicago) and so on. There was not an efficiency expert, a Congressman, or a college president among them. I do not recall having ever seen one of their pictures in the rotogravure, but to this old woman they were all famous men.

"Good boys, good boys," said our hostess as she lovingly rested her bony old hand on the frame of the picture. "They caused me lots of trouble when they were growing up, but they are good boys, oh very good boys."

There were no jewels on the hands of this old woman. Her dress was of the meanest calico, her cane a broomstick, her home a hillside cottage, yet she showed us that she was rich beyond computation, rich in the possession of these seven sons, who had been to her a life time joy and treasure. She did not say this in so many words but it was evident in the pride of possession that she evinced, in the smile that played about the old face pectinated with wrinkles, in the toothless smile, in the way in which she caressed the cheap wood frame of that oval picture. God bless her and all good mothers! What is there in us that God should hold us dear, and in sons and daughters that mothers make them objects of a love that is almost adora-

tion? Perhaps God touches a mother's eyes with something of His own clarifying vision; for when He would tell us how much He loves the work of His hands, the standard He proposed was that this love was even greater than a mother's for her child.

Now if I must be obvious, I shall be so quite merrily. This old lady's name may or may not have been Cornelia. There was no introduction so I am not to be blamed. During the whole conversation there was not the slightest reference to the famous Roman matron or the Gracchi or to jewels. Further it is quite possible that this naive bit of history has never penetrated the Iowa hills where my old friend lives, but I am certain that if I had told her the story she would have subscribed to the famous Cornelia's epigram without qualifications. For to this old woman her sons were jewels, to her they were a treasure, to her they were life's fortune, to her they were vastly more valuable than fur coats, motor cars, platinum jewelry and trinkets of many an apartment house *grande dame*.

We expressed sincere admiration for her seven-fold treasure, thanked her for the cup of cold water and bade her adieu. At the gate I turned and looked back. There she stood watching our departure from her doorway, one hand on her stick, the other shading her eyes from the western sun. At her feet lay the hound-dog. Crimson hollyhocks flamed close by.

Now I know of other ladies too and with a penchant for comparison, I tried to see how they would fit into this picture. Of course some things in the background had to be changed at once. For instance if these other ladies carry sticks they will probably be of the Malacca fatigue variety. The pet that crouches at their feet will be no mongrel. Perish the thought! Rather bring on your Pomeranian or Pekinese pup from a nationally famous kennel. If crimson flames close by, it must be very close by, right on their cheeks in fact. Jewels they have aplenty, but they are the kind that come from New York or London or Paris and are appraised in dollars and cents and not in surges of human love. As for the children being jewels, well it is all right as a classical allusion but no one should expect the modern woman to adopt it as a viewpoint. Besides a figure of speech is a figure of speech. Only the dullard does not know that it is partly true and partly false. And so, to reveal the sequel at once, since they do not regard children as jewels they do not want them and will not be burdened with them.

All this may be well enough while they are young and strong and can go forth to purchase happiness but one is tempted to ask what about the long, lonely days of later life and then what about the other life when every one shall give his accounting. Perhaps then they will discover in all bitterness that the things they prized so much in other days have turned to the merest brummagen.

These thoughts passed through my mind as we left the cottage to return to the less energetic picnickers. But an Iowa road on a midsummer's day is no place for philosophizing, so I did not tax my companion with my musings as we trudged back to Pictured Rocks for a supper of ham and eggs and Java cooked over a fagot fire.

Education

Pedagogic Wonderings

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

IT IS refreshing every now and then to read of Shakespearean revivals in our colleges, staged by the Thespian Society of Perpetual Motion University or the Paint and Powder Club of John L. University or the Masque Society of Romeo-Juliet University. They attract an unusual modicum of press publicity. Somehow they are a good story for the news-hunting columns of a cosmopolitan daily.

Nor need you seek the reason for this last by any un-psychological ratiocinations. We have known from our youth, perhaps especially in our youth, that Shakespeare is a classic. Like Webster's Bunker Hill heroes he has come down to us from the venerated past, a something duly to be respected but with no movie thrill attached or in other words not up-to-date. True, he and his characters and their lines live on and can afford to sing the song of the brook, while one-act plays and musical revues and operas have their brief day with the college and non-college audience. But don't attempt to exhibit educational plays to an admission-charged audience, unless you have a foundation fund or a very small theater or you are a confirmed idealist. For the task of gathering spectators for a Shakespearean or classical play is herculean. Let it be attempted by those only who have no nerves, no feelings, but are endowed with abnormally strong hearts. Some colleges use the last bait of a credit hour for attendance at such academic exercises. But what plea is left to lure the Alumni? It has not been found. Alma Mater's varsity song is sung with bared heads and by thousands in the college stadium even to the accompaniment of a driving, sleeting rain, but the same heads refuse to be seen in the parlor-comfort of the college theater. Loyalty demands the former response; what is the cause of the latter indifference? Can it be that colleges have educated well in the one case and have "flunked" miserably in the other?

Education is after all an up-hill plodding. Not many ascend. But if the colleges do not lead the way, who will? Frankly, I think that educational institutions do not realize their own power and responsibility. Let them cling fast to their ideals. There will be opposition, a battle perhaps long drawn out, but they have reason to believe they will finally triumph. Theirs is the sacred academic duty of inculcating tenacious and character-forming qualities in their students. If we may believe educators themselves they have today a vast *terra irredenta*. To quote from a leader:

The longer one examines the programs of study that are now most widely followed, observes the spirit in which school and college teaching is so often carried on, and notes the avoidance of anything that makes for genuine scholarship and power of reflective thinking, one is forced to raise the far-reaching question whether we have not destroyed the ideal of the liberally educated man and, with it, the liberally educated man himself.

Perhaps further analogy will make the point clearer.

Take the report of the Classical Committee. From it we learn that Latin and Greek are recovering the ground, which the colleges ignominiously abandoned some twenty years ago. Similarly I wonder if the admitted present-day intercollegiate athletic furor could not be checked, if only a few of the colleges leagued together against it in favor of intramural and sane athletics. But each educational institution is afraid that its competitor will outstrip it, each college is afraid of that bugaboo, "A small college." The result is the stampede for winning teams, huge stadia, etc., with the consequent wake of educational ills. Instead of leading and training determined leaders the colleges follow with full steam ahead. Again I wonder if the present greatest need in educational Israel is not for educators who are leaders.

And then how our self-righteous colleges point the sacrosanct finger of scorn at the high schools! Thus in the results of a recent questionnaire on college freshman English we find much censure attached to the younger schools. They fail, we are told, to teach composition. I quote:

"Do you find it necessary or desirable to review grammar early in the freshman rhetoric course?" Of the sixty-five colleges replying, sixty-three found it necessary or desirable. Nine of the sixty-three were very emphatic about it. Perhaps this overwhelming reply should serve as something of a warning to the high-school teacher of English who revolts against accuracy of writing and tries only for interestingness, fluency, largeness of ideas and ideals.

But what of certain liberal arts colleges thinking that English should be compulsory only in one year, the freshman, instead of in the four years? In fact I suggest four years of collegiate composition, with fewer hours perhaps than in freshman English, but at least as accompanying courses with the short story, the modern drama, the modern novel, etc. Then we might not have so many juniors and seniors writing ungrammatical sentences; then it might be that candidates for an A. M. in the graduate school would not be compelled to start their fifth year of college with a review of freshman composition. When the colleges can be so complacently blind to the beam of their own negligence, I wonder why should they rage at the high-school mote?

One of the few really great educators of today, whom I quoted above, has declared: "In this world the two great obstacles to progress are ignorance and lack of appreciation of real values. The second of these is more important than anything else, for knowledge can go but a little way without understanding of what is really worthwhile, permanent and eternal." I moralize on Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's preceding statement just long enough to remark that it might be instructive to know how many of the colleges are staging plays that are "really worthwhile, permanent and eternal"; are giving English courses that challenge the same standards; are manfully resisting extravagance in collegiate non-essentials.

Educational administrators blame the incapacity and indolence of students for low and false standards in colleges. I suggest hailing the *magistri* themselves into court; some, after a fair trial, to be censured, some, to be un-

frocked. I have before me a public letter of advice (sic) from the Department of Education in a very populous State. Here is a quotation printed at the cost of the taxpayer. "The old-time academic school that developed the individual along so-called cultural lines exclusively ruined its hundreds of thousands.—This old time school that met the needs of the few only was founded on the false philosophy of an idle aristocracy. A—College at B—has been reorganized on a work-study basis with a six-weeks alternation, and is now a growing institution, attracting nation-wide attention."

Putting aside the materialistic fling at culture as indicative of an uncultured man and of a "false-alarm" educator, I believe that every college professor discovers on investigation that present-day education is cursed by the mania for pin-money to be earned by work after school hours, extended sometimes to the early cock-crows of the morning. Imagine, if you can, such students studying! Now I admire the college man who is forced to work through necessity. He as a class realizes the value of his opportunity and will make greater corresponding efforts. Not so the pin-money college attendant, who burns his month's salary in the fire of a one night's "Prom." But did the Dean of a prominent engineering cooperative college show any better judgment when he recently declared that the ideal of all college and university students would be six weeks of class with an alternate six weeks of manual labor?

Can it be, I wonder finally, with a *mea culpa*, that we blame the college student too much and ourselves too little? When I read the statements of the latter class in magazine articles and in the daily press, admitting the folly of hysterical intercollegiate athletics, just to take a random example, and I further read the accompanying answer to be a shrug of the shoulders to the music, "We must have these things; they are all doing them," I for one confess that a suit is in order against educators for obtaining money under false pretenses. Perhaps some day, parents and students will be protected by educational blue-sky laws, and a return to safe though sturdy collegiate investments will be had.

WATER

Green tug on the river
Sturdy as a plough,
With a brass stern-capstan
And a rope-nosed prow;

Slant-funnelled chaser
With a clean-shaved jaw,
Ripped through sea-planks
Like a bright steel saw;

Raft on a turtle-pond
Moored to a willow,
Sleeping all summer
On a lily-pad pillow;

If you must have water
Which will you take:
Ocean, or river,
Or lily-choked lake?

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Note and Comment

Their Gift to the Holy Father

AS proof of his gratitude for the offering made to him by the Girl Scouts of New York and Brooklyn, Pope Pius XI has written, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, to Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, National Treasurer of the Girl Scouts movement, giving assurances of his prayers, and imparting to his benefactors the Apostolic Blessing. It was not only their gift, His Holiness explains, which touched him so deeply, but the evidence of love and loyalty which impelled such generosity. Their sentiments were manifested in a spiritual bouquet, made up of Masses heard, 6,493; Holy Communion, 5,261; Spiritual Communion, 12,648; Stations of the Cross, 3,663; Hail Marys, 95,152; Rosaries, 9,967; Acts, 24,557; Aspirations, 375,133; Visits to Blessed Sacrament, 9,455; Novenas, 1,099.

The Holy Father expresses the hope that the Girl Scouts will continue to make progress, and that their moral and spiritual development will proceed hand in hand with their physical training.

Mr. B. Is Remembered

WHEN the members of a certain Alaskan parish say grace these days, writes their pastor, their form is: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, and Mr. B." And the pastor, the Rev. John B. Sifton, S. J., is "sure that Our Lord has given His 'imprimatur' to this new form, even though the Bishop hasn't." Last year fire destroyed the building which had been the home of a community of Ursuline nuns and the Eskimo children for whom they cared. Just at that time a large structure made of sheet iron and wood was being wrecked, and was for sale at a very low price. A thousand dollar gift from a certain "Mr. B" enabled Father Sifton to purchase the material, as well as the furnishings of a hotel forced out of business by the exodus of gold-seekers. Wherefore the unnamed benefactor is not unlikely to be forgotten in the prayers of those for whose comfort he has made such generous provision.

The Martyrs of North America

OF compelling interest to the Faithful who are clients of the American martyrs beatified last July, will be the announcement that the record of six instantaneous cures of serious diseases, effected after prayers and novenas had been offered in the martyrs' honor, is being prepared for presentation to the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It is hoped that these favors will be instrumental in furthering the cause of canonization of Blessed Isaac Jogues and his heroic companions. Not the least significant of the many celebrations in tribute to the Jesuit martyrs is the triduum scheduled to be held in the Church of the Gesu, Philadelphia, beginning the twenty-sixth of this month. His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty will be

celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass at the opening of the triduum, and Bishops McCort and McDevitt will pontificate on the two days following. Solemn Benediction in the evening will be given successively by Rt. Rev. Mgr. W. J. Walsh, Very Rev. Laurence J. Kelly, S. J., and Rt. Rev. M. J. Crane. In honor of St. Peter Canisius, whose canonization took place also during the past summer, an illustrated lecture is to be given in St. Joseph's College Hall by Mr. Hugo Bihler, S. J.

Tribute to a Beloved Chaplain

SIDE by side with the portraits of General Pershing and Marshal Joffre, an oil painting of the late Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide has been hung in the library of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco. The *Monitor* foresees that:

To multitudes of San Franciscans who will gaze at the uniformed figure with the distinguished service medal of France over his heart, the kindly face and wide blue eyes of "Father Joe" will awaken happy memories; for in this city the hero who served as chaplain of the 62nd Artillery during the World War and twenty years earlier as chaplain of the California regiment in the Philippines is affectionately remembered not only as the valiant soldier and patriot of this country, but as a shepherd of the flocks he guided during years of service as a Catholic priest where he numbered his friends among all creeds.

The portrait of Father McQuaide is a gift to the Legion from the San Francisco Lodge of Elks, of which the Chaplain Major was a member.

The Women's Protest

THE grievances of a large number of Catholic women of Mexico City were recently set forth in a letter addressed to Plutarch Elias Calles, President of the Mexican Republic, on whom, he is reminded, rests the obligation of not considering as the people of Mexico a small clique altogether unrepresentative of a nation of fifteen millions, ninety percent of whom are Catholic. The signers of the letter protest against those laws now in effect in Mexico which

are in violation of fundamental human rights and, more especially, of Divine rights. You, too, Sir, ought to protest, because you are the father of a family and you understand how impossible it is for anyone to obey an order to send his children to a school where they will be taught principles to which the parents cannot in conscience subscribe. The right to educate our children no one can take from us. This sacred trust is absolute and inalienable because we are responsible for the education of our offspring—before God in the first place, as Catholics; before our country as women of Mexico, and before ourselves as Mothers.

"If society expects us to form sons worthy of it," the women enquire, "why cannot we demand from that same society the rights which belong to us?" No notice of the letter has been given by the Mexican press, which, it is understood, has been officially ordered not to throw open its columns to any who wish to complain against the anti-religious work fostered by the Calles administration.

Literature

Some Thoughts on the Novel

RENÉ BAZIN

de l'Académie française

(This is the fourteenth of a series by eminent novelists dealing with the novel. Copyright, 1926, by The America Press.)

DURING the past year the novel was the subject of numerous articles in French newspapers and reviews and I see no indication that the controversy is drawing to a close. The extensive circulation of novels which, in great part, deserve neither publication nor attention, furnishes the adversaries of the novel with ample and abundant weapons to be used against it. Who are they who attack the novel? Literary critics, chiefly, worthy persons but not signally endowed with the gifts of a lively imagination and of the ability to spin a yarn, nor with power to interest and move their readers, those qualities which are essential for the novelist. They have other gifts, no doubt, but were not satisfied with these; they ranged outside their own sphere. They are even more difficult to please than am I myself who have, occasionally, read even their writings with pleasure. What is the objection of these writers to the novel? Generally this: they cannot reduce the novel to any specific category of writing, since it cannot be considered a learned study of manners, nor can it aspire to the dignity of history; should it become poetical or lyrical, it forthwith loses its essential characteristics, as well as its constant readers.

In every duel with swords—and the pen is one such weapon—it often happens that the thrusts strike above or below the point aimed at. Such, precisely, is what has occurred in the present literary discussion. As was to be expected, some critics pleaded, in the name of art, for complete freedom for the novelist who, they claimed, should not be subjected to moral restraint in the novel. Other critics were pleased to accord the novelist only a certain limited latitude. This is an important question.

Permit me to express my opinion on these two points. First of all, it is a sheer waste of time to attempt to debate the origin, the claims, the literary standing of a genre of writing that is so very old. Whence comes the novel if not from man's craving to hear of his fellow-men and of himself, and to hear of them in a pleasant way. The poems of India are in themselves great novels, full of adventures, of gods and men, replete with innumerable details that bring home to us something of the very ancient civilization of those distant peoples. What is the Odyssey but a novel—brought to perfection by a professional story teller—of the crafty Ulysses and his companions; of the matron Penelope and her rejected suitors; of Nausicaa, the maiden without whom the story would lack the note of pristine freshness. Is it not the same with our own French *Chansons de geste*, in which are recorded not only the battles of the palladins but also life as it was passed in the castles and towns,

the pilgrimages, the feelings and sentiments of people in every strata of society. Is it not true that some of these poems are technically known as novels (*Roman*), for example, *Roman de la Rose*, *Roman du Renard*.

The novelist of today is the direct successor to the *trouvères* of past ages, the descendant of those medieval story tellers who, in all countries where most people were unable to read, used to assemble the passers-by and arrest their attention with "I shall now tell you the story of the bad man and the good woman. . . ." If this be so, then the very origin of the novel not only permits but even demands by a thousand instances that the novelist of the twentieth century be varied, profound, philosophical, well-informed, sprightly, amusing, poetic—and all at the same time—if he can. No other literary genre can boast of ancestry more ancient than the novel, or more celebrated or more numerous. The mother who first invented a story to keep her child from crying was already a novelist, though she may not have been aware of it.

The second question is of another nature and it is easy to perceive how feeling may enter the discussion. Art, some contend—and they have already begun to show it in their books—is totally distinct from morals. Novelists, therefore, must be perfectly free to treat of any and every subject, and the manner in which they treat it should not be subject to any but the laws of esthetic beauty. In every European country, and I presume in America also, one meets with writers who hold this view or who are quite ready to hold it. These persons remind me of the story of the two French knights, who in the time of the Crusades were on their way to Palestine. They presented themselves to the Pope and asked him, in compensation for the great sacrifices they were prepared to make for the Faith, to dispense them from whatever two of God's Commandments they should select. We can guess which would have been the two of their choice. But the Pope was not of their mind; furthermore, he made them see that in such matters he had no power to grant a dispensation.

So it is with the novel. The excessive liberties which certain novelists of all times and countries have taken and the theories advanced by various leaders of literary schools have not prevented their writings from being subjected, as must every human action, to the norm of God's moral law. This is all the more necessary inasmuch as they set up a guide post to action. Besides, one can perceive the absurdity of pretending to claim exemption for such works from moral restraint since they depict certain "cross sections of life," that is they narrate a series of actions and events which are all governed by and should be judged according to unchanging rules of good and evil. I feel that Nietzsche's invention of the superman who is not bound by common duties, has not been without its influence in developing such literary doctrines of complete license. How convenient to be a superman, it is so easy—and at the same time so stupid—to believe oneself such!

By its nature, the novel is a literary type that is

destined for men and women who are no longer just on the threshold of life. It portrays reality, and that is the admixture of good and evil. Even the most upright novelist enjoys the greatest liberty in this matter. He is permitted to introduce into the action almost every passion and to describe nearly every aspect of the realism of the world in which we live. One rule alone binds him, and that in conscience. While he may portray evil, he should not make it attractive. He may set forth error, provided, however, he gives some indication, forcefully or delicately as he may see fit, by which his readers may realize that he is merely expressing an idea, which is, however, branded as false.

A dangerous art is that of the novelist, one which contains in potency almost limitless power. No matter what care an author lavishes upon his work, this always remains true: there will never be a great novel that can be read with the same feeling by all, and the choice of a book will ever remain a problem for the individual.

Novel writing is a mysterious art which no one should attempt who is not a born observer and a natural storyteller. The inspiration for a work nearly always presents itself to the mind at an unexpected moment; it comes from an emotion, a chance word, a trifle seen or heard, from something that awakens a response within and forces us to exclaim "What a fine subject for a novel! What possibilities for infinite vistas it offers! How many hearts it will touch! How many far off spirits, unknown to me, yet brothers, will be interested in the destinies of those beings whom I can create and make to grow, and to love, to suffer, to speak, whom I can unfold to my readers!" In a flash, one, two, three persons, the principal characters in the drama, rise up before the imagination of the artist. See how they have already assumed their own distinct features and their own peculiar characteristics! How closely this one resembles a traveller whom I chanced upon in this or that city, this one is just like my country neighbor, that one is the very picture of a friend whom I lost! Here is a woman with a personality that is almost completely defined: she comes from the middle classes but she possesses a heart that is courageous, and tender, and discerning. Is not she the one who said to me one day "I do not begrudge gay life. I know it is made for some." Yes, it is she. I recognize her. After her marriage she spoke to me again and said "Wherever I see a happy home there is always an unselfish woman in it." These are the characters that stand ready to take their part in the story.

Nothing more is needed than to give a definite shape to impart full life to what are but yet vague and shadowy figures. The author must permit these children of his memory and imagination to grow. Without consciously working upon it, the subject that has attracted him, little by little, takes shape in the artist's mind. A possibility lies there, it is evoked by a gesture, by a detail of dress, by a word, by the beauty of a morning or an evening scene. A sudden inspiration, a small joy is aroused, we exclaim: "That is precisely what Genevieve will say, and

this is what Dorothea will answer. . . . "Yes, those eyes admirably express the sorrow I wish to describe. . . . This house under the elms, this room which someone thought to build for himself—but no, he built it for me, for here will I have Genevieve's parents live and nearby is the white boat which will bear away their eldest son, a sailor, an adventurer, born into a family of sedentary life, he who will give expression to the dream, for a long time repressed, perhaps through many generations, and now all at once set free. . . ."

Thus, unnoticed, in the midst of countless other occupations, amidst various duties, during walks, visits, conversations, doubtless even in sleep, a story develops, takes on color, acquires a growing power over the spirit until such time as the author decides: "This must have life!" Then he seizes his pen, he opens his pad of paper, he writes, he pauses, he meditates, he corrects, he commences all over again, he smiles sometimes without exactly knowing why, he suffers too with his characters whose sorrow he records. I recall a time in my youth when, at the close of a visit to a famous novelist who honored me with his friendship, he suddenly interrupted our conversation and gazing at me as one looks upon a child before giving him some important advice, said with affection and seriousness: "Young man, you have just offered me your first novel; you will write others for there is no doubt as to your calling; but take my advice: Never kill anyone!" I have never killed anyone but I have, at times, been obliged to let some of my characters die, for I have observed that in real life such an end is not infrequent.

Innumerable hours have I spent wandering about the world, becoming acquainted with the various countries in which the children of my dreams have lived. I have passed many restless hours of anxiety at my desk, and some few exultant and joyous ones, as when a word long sought for or a picture clear and definite had come to my mind. I have been able to offer advice here and there under the name or the guise of some friendly character; I do not regret this, if I have moved some heart, if I have opened it to greater charity, to further and more courage to live, if I have shown disillusioned and distracted spirits that, in the midst of great and resounding evil, goodness has its own silent and winning place, and that it redeems the world. This is the nobility which, after Christ, is most frequently found in people of a humble station in life and which, to discerning eyes, so transfigures and ennobles them.

REVIEWS

The Pope. By JEAN CARRERE. Translated by ARTHUR CHAMBERS. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

This is a study by a layman of the function of the Pope in the world with particular emphasis on the Temporal Power and the Roman Question. Its author is a Catholic Frenchman enthusiastic for the glories of Rome and qualified for the task to which he set himself by long years of residence in Italy and close contact with those most interested in and conversant with

the problems of which he treats. No attempt is made at detailed pictures of the struggle which, through the centuries, the Papacy has waged with terrestrial powers. The volume is rather a broad fresco—critical, historical, interpretative, apologetic. Here and there are interesting digressions or more lengthy examinations of crucially disputed points, some of which are handled with marked acumen and originality, all with fairness and straightforwardness. The style is splendidly fascinating, sometimes enthusiastically dramatic. As an essay it is brilliant and masterly. For the author, the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See was a boon for itself and for the world; the foundation of the Holy Roman Empire, a calamity, "Peter's gravest political error for twenty centuries." Of that temporal sovereignty he writes: "The condition of spiritual power is the absolute independence of the Pope and the condition of this independence is the sovereign possession of a terrestrial domain, allowing the Pope complete freedom from the jurisdiction and supervision of any other human power on earth." In the Roman question he sees a conflict of rights—the need of Rome to Italy for its unification, the need of Rome to the Papacy for the free exercise of its spiritual power. But he does not consider the question insoluble. In fact, in view of the changes in political thought that have taken place in the past fifty years, M. Carrere concludes his reflections optimistically. Save for an occasional faulty rendering of words, the translation is well done. It is too bad that frequent serious errors in proof-reading mar the publication. W. I. L.

Our Times. The United States, 1900-1925. I. The Turn of the Century 1900-1904. By MARK SULLIVAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

As historical students know, there is usually very great difficulty in obtaining the recorded data of the generations immediately preceding the present. They will be thankful, therefore, that Mr. Sullivan's professional training enabled him to collate with such skill and comprehensiveness this "attic tangle of jumbled memories." He wisely determined to ignore the usual concept of formal historians and to follow rather Macaulay's program: "To trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts and public amusements." This Mr. Sullivan has done in most entertaining form and with lavish illustration and expansion of the instructive contrasts in the elevation of the common man; except, perhaps, in regard to the religious trend and conditions of the period described. In this field the evangelists Moody and Sankey seem to him about the only thing notable. They get two pages with portraits. Leo XIII has three and one-half lines of an inferential reference to his great age; not a word about his great career or his epoch-making Encyclicals. The fact that the first decision of the Hague tribunal was in the case of the Pious Fund is mentioned, but evidently the author does not know what the Pious Fund was, as he explains: "The claim was for funds granted to the Catholic Church in Mexico (including California) while the latter was a colony of Spain."

T. F. M.

Social Classes in Post-War Europe. By LOTHROP E. STODDARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Here is a sketchy but interesting presentment of the present condition of different classes in Europe affected by the profound modifications brought about by the World War. Dr. Stoddard is evidently familiar by personal experience with what he describes, particularly in Germany and England. The great merit of the author's work lies in his giving the reader a summary of the

social conditions of *all* the classes in Europe, contrasting the present with the past. One consoling feature in the post-war misery is the renewed importance and comparative prosperity of the small farmer and agricultural laborer, whilst the effects of poverty, even semi-starvation, on the learned and artistic classes, present very dark prospects, at least for a generation or so, for higher education, art and literature in post-war Europe. The publishers of Dr. Stoddard's volume call attention to the price though, even as prices go nowadays, this seems rather much to ask for a book of less than 200 pages printed in large type with remarkably generous margins, the contents of which might have been amply accommodated in a sixty page pamphlet.

V. F. G.

Yes, Lady Sahab. By GRACE THOMPSON SETON. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$4.00.

This is a record of Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton's impressions of India and its parti-colored peoples gathered during a sojourn of some months in that country. On the whole, the book, though long drawn out, is readable; and yet by no means convincing—perhaps not because it is in parts guide-bookish in style, nor yet because it is not always accurate as to facts readily verifiable in any of the many authoritative works on India, but rather because of a certain cocksureness that leads the writer to rush in where savants tread cautiously, and a credulity, hard to understand in one who would so evidently be scholarly, that, now and again betrays her into statements a thousand and one times proved absolutely false. With one portion of the book, however, a sort of book within a book, one will find no grounds of quarrel. It is the writer's story of her several tiger hunts. In particular, the Assam hunt, during "the rains," abounds in breath-catching moments and is told with rare vividness. It is comforting to chronicle that, while the lady did not come home on the tiger, she did not at any rate come home in the tiger.

T. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Varia.—There is unusual orthodoxy for a Protestant in "Personal Religion and the Life of Fellowship" (Longmans, Green. \$1.00), by William Temple, Bishop of Manchester. Yet it is not free from dogmatic and even ethical error. The main thesis is sound, that secular affairs can only be rightly ordered when they are ordered according to eternal truth. He would have men bring the principles of religion into all life's affairs—politics, economics, business, etc. Fellowship, for him, is the heart of Christianity; private salvation and private responsibility have been over-emphasized; the times call for a stressing of the socialness of religion. The little volume is another attempt to solve the problems of the world and there is much that is wholesome in it.

"Well meant but decidedly erratic," will be the conclusion that most Christians will come to after reading "The Beast, Modernism and the Evangelical Faith" (Stratford. \$2.00), by Francis Asa Wight. Its thesis is that we are nearing the "second coming." Political and religious theories are strangely intermingled. It shows the vagaries into which the human mind can wander when each man is a law unto himself in the interpretation of Scripture.

When Protestantism is in the chaotic state which religious treatises that nowadays emanate from Protestant sources indicate it is refreshing to read a book of the type of "What Is Faith" (Macmillan. \$1.75), by J. Gresham Machen. The author is of the old school and while Catholic theology does not harmonize with much that he writes he is to be credited with a volume that in an incisive way cuts the ground from under most of the modern Protestant schools—pragmatists, positivists, pantheists, modernists. As against these it is most timely to insist on the intellectual nature of faith and the essentially dogmatic character

of Christianity. Several chapters include interesting digressions into fields apart from theology, notably those on modern intellectual decadence and on the relation of religion to character building and education.

For Spiritual Reading.—The coming Eucharistic Congress makes books on the Blessed Sacrament particularly timely. Rev. John A. McClorey, S.J., in "The Gift of Love" (Herder. 90c.), treats the Eucharist under the four aspects of a sacrament, a feast, a presence and a sacrifice. Unfortunately the papers give the impression of being rather hastily put together and printed. —Written in the language and the spirit of childhood "My Communion Book" (Chicago: Loyola University Press. 25c.), by Austin G. Schmidt, S.J., is especially suited for first-communicants. It affords a simple and practical method for hearing Mass and receiving the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. —J. E. Moffatt, S.J., has added another inspiring volume to his series "Thy Kingdom Come." In "God Beckons Us" (Benziger. 30c.), the author continues his Eucharistic considerations with the same unction and piety that characterized his previous volumes.

Those who have the direction of young men will find some useful notes for their instruction in "The Difficult Commandment" (Kenedy. 60c.), by C. C. Martindale, S.J. The author discusses in an intelligent, candid and practical way the very knotty problem of sexual control and the Catholic boys for whom it is written will find in it practical helps and motives to live up to the Catholic doctrines and ideals about purity.

For Priests and Seminarians.—The late distinguished Bishop of Salford, Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan, was working at the time of his recent demise on some ascetical notes and priestly reflections that he would leave, almost as a dying testament, to his brethren in the ministry. His two volumes "The Minister of Christ" (Wagner. \$4.00), contain spiritual and ascetical suggestions which are the fruit of his own ripened priestly experience. While he was not permitted to complete their revision, they are not without that scholarly polish which characterized everything that came from his gifted pen.

The approaching summer ordinations make the publication of Pustet's new four volume "Breviarium Romanum" (12 mo. \$22.00) most opportune. Printed on India paper and bound in sheepskin, with gold edges, it would make an ordination present that would be as handsome as it is practical. Supplements are published for the United States and also for the different Religious Orders.

Those interested in a fuller understanding of the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius will find in "Der Geist der Ignatianischen Exerzitionen" (Herder. \$1.75), a useful introduction to their study, prepared, in cooperation, by several German Jesuits.

Dr. Leo P. Manzetti, in "Church Music and Catholic Liturgy" (Baltimore: St. Mary's Seminary. 20c.), appeals for more faithful adherence to the regulations for Catholic choirs laid down in the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X, in 1903. He condemns any forms other than the Gregorian save where they reflect its movement, inspiration and savor.

School Texts.—A complete course in language and composition for primary students is included in the three volumes of the "McFadden English Series" (Rand McNally), by Effie B. McFadden. The first two books are mostly made up of reading selections, interesting and attractive for little ones; the third book insists rather on rules of grammar—one fears too many for the child mind.—The Macmillan Company has published the "Second Reader" in the Marquette Series by the Sisters of Mercy.

It will be most welcome in our parish schools as well for its content as for its illustrations.

Henry W. Elson aims to emphasize human interests and human action for the purpose of interesting high school pupils in "United States; its Past and Present" (American Book Co.). For a condensed volume the narrative is sufficiently dependable though there are many phases in the country's beginnings and growth that we should wish to see more amply developed. There are occasional inaccuracies and some inadequate interpretations.

A new edition of "Palgrave's Golden Treasury" (Allyn and Bacon. \$1.00), differs mainly from former editions in the discussion of Poetry in the appendix and its wealth of informative notes.—The same firm publishes "Les Trois Petits Mousquetaires" (80c), by Emile Desbeaux. It is a simple French reader for beginners edited by Suzanne Roth. Copious illustrations enhance its interest.

On an Island That Cost \$24.00. When the Fight Begins. Keller's Anna Ruth. The Stranger Within the Gates. Golden Dishes. John Crews.

"On an Island That Cost \$24.00" (Doran. \$2.00), by Irvin Cobb, is neither an epic nor a classic, as the publisher would have us believe. These stories of New York are bright and readable, although Mr. Cobb's usual good taste would suggest the omission of one somewhat grimy episode. But as a whole they are disappointing since they indicate that the author is quite satisfied to do fairly good work when his best is literature or near it.

Ordinarily the life and loves of a lawyer do not provide material interesting to the average reader. Even though, as in "When the Fight Begins" (Small, Maynard. \$2.00), by Holman Day, the success be variegated with many a defeat leading to a victory of the spirit, the writer does not compel attention. The story includes a fine description of a fire in the North Woods, a reverent handling of a visit to the shrine of Saint Anne by a company of pilgrims, and, in general, a praiseworthy appeal to the finer instincts of our nature. But the total impression is rather disappointing.

"Keller's Anna Ruth" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.00), is the tragic family history of a rural Pennsylvania family which Elsie Singmaster brings to a happy end. Like all the author's stories it is not without its charm and interest and quaintness. Its lesson is evident and much needed. Old Keller and Anna Ruth are particularly well done. But the author does not understand convent life or Catholic Sisters whose vocations are not as Juliet's is represented.

The problem that makes up C. Nina Boyle's novel, "The Stranger Within the Gates" (Seltzer. \$2.00), hinges on a dual personality. It is the story of an English lad, quiet and morose, who runs away and does violent deeds. The years pass and the young man goes through the same course of action. After a great deal of abnormal psychology woven into a whole series of disappearances, marriage settles the story.

When Damaris Packe elects to cater to the whims of a wealthy but eccentric aunt, she gains a fortune, but forfeits the love of her impetuous fiancé. But before "Golden Dishes" (Small, Maynard. \$2.00), is ended, Rachel S. Macnamara surrounds her heroine with sufficient happiness to compensate for all the disappointments to which she has been subjected.

Western stories are so common that an uncommon one is a welcome surprise. "John Crews" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.00), by Arthur Chapman, is uncommon. It is well told and holds its interest to the end. John Crews and his companion rescue a girl from her guardian who is taking her to the Mormons at Salt Lake City. Their adventures furnish the plot. There is risk and danger aplenty. The book has literary value in a field where literary value is rare. In the event of capture Crews advises the girl to kill herself. It is the one blot in an otherwise fine ethical setting.

Communications

The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department

The Annual Statistical Joke

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With a persistency worthy of a better cause Dr. H. K. Carroll has compiled his annual survey of the statistics of the "Christian Churches" in the United States. It was published on April 3 by the *Christian Herald* and from that source copied into many other papers throughout the country. As usual also, as far as it concerns the Catholic Church, the figures given are inaccurate and misleading.

In Dr. Carroll's tables, as printed in the *Christian Herald*, is the statement: "Catholic Western (R.C. and 2 small bodies) 16,156,914." Under "Gains in 1925" this is an increase of membership during 1925 of 203,990, and the authority cited for these figures is "returns from the Official Catholic Directory." Now as the "Official Catholic Directory for 1926" which contains the figures for the Catholic statistics for 1925, was not published for more than two weeks after the *Christian Herald's* tables appeared, the *Herald's* statistics are not for 1925 at all but for 1924, and hence, a year late. The publishers of the Directory, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, say Dr. Carroll had no access to advance information as to the tables given in the Directory for 1926.

Then Dr. Carroll calls his total, "Catholic, Western (R.C. and 2 small bodies)," whatever that means. We Catholics know no East, no West, no North, no South. Catholic means universal, and we have no "bodies." We have one head, Pope Pius XI, and he is the spiritual ruler of an undivided Church here and elsewhere all over the world.

Besides this Dr. Carroll tells us his "tables try to present probable communicants for this Church," and that his "figures are obtained by deducting fifteen per cent from Catholic population for unconfirmed children and others not admitted to the communion."

This reminds one of the story of the old lady, who, in the dispute over the passage from the Scriptures, declared: "Now that's just where St. Paul and I differ." Pope Pius XI, who certainly ought to know, would hold that an infant, a day old, and validly baptized, is as truly a Catholic as he is himself. But Dr. Carroll sets up a further and novel sacramental qualification and, for the purposes of his "statistical comparisons" refuses to consider as Catholics all those who, in addition to Baptism, have not also received the Sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Confirmation.

There is no such thing among Catholics as "members" and "communicants," in the sense that these terms are used in non-Catholic denominations. Therefore his deduction of fifteen per cent from the figures of the total Catholic population as given from official Catholic sources, is misleading and incorrect and robs these tables of any statistical value they might have.

But this is not a new story with Dr. Carroll. Twenty years ago when he had charge of the enumeration made under the Act of Congress, March 6, 1903, that "a full and accurate census of religious bodies in the United States is desired" he began to invent these Carroll Comparative Table Catholics, in spite of the fact that the Government formally defined in the circular sent to the census enumerators, that: "Those shall be reckoned as Catholics who, baptized in the Church, whether in their infancy or in their later years, still profess to be Catholics not having since their Baptism withdrawn from the Church either by open act of apostasy or by conduct impliedly tantamount to a renunciation of the Catholic Faith." Nothing therefore, as can be seen, about "fifteen per cent probable communicants." This was the official basis for the United States census of 1906 and Catholics are exactly the same today as they were then, and so desire to be counted.

So much for the objections Catholics make to the character

and sources of the statistics offered the public by the *Christian Herald*. As for the figures themselves, they are equally unreliable. The *Herald's* Catholic total is given as 16,156,914. The most scientific and trustworthy total yet compiled is that in the volume "Has the Immigrant Kept the Faith?" by the Rev. Dr. G. Shaughnessy, S.M., recently published by Macmillan. In this, Dr. Shaughnessy shows that there are now more than 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States. In the Catholic Directory for 1926—a year later than that used for the *Christian Herald's* figures, the Catholic population in the United States in 1925 is given as 18,878,722, a gain of 224,694 over the previous year's total. These figures, as can be seen, show very substantial increases over the statistics of the *Christian Herald's* tables. This also is in spite of the fact that in the 1926 Catholic Directory no less than thirty-five of the diocesan units into which the Catholic Church in the United States is divided made no returns to change the figures of the previous year. Had such returns been included the total of the increase would have been much larger. The glaring differences in these totals is more evidence in favor of the necessity of an early, complete, and scientific census of the Catholic population of the United States.

Other totals indicate interesting data. In 1925 there were 24,352 Catholic priests in the United States, a gain for the year of 538. In church buildings there was a gain of 96 and of 1,250 seminarian students for the priesthood in a total of 12,595. The free parish schools numbered 6,819, a gain of 287; with a total of 2,072,466 pupils; a gain of 33,842.

Dr. Carroll has long been known as an indefatigable compiler of statistics and it seems a pity that the value and authority of the results of so much technical skill should be destroyed by his obstinate refusal to abandon indefensible and unjust vagaries in regard to the standing of his Catholic fellow citizens in the community.

Brooklyn.

T. F. M.

Why "Catholic" Novelist?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Was it by choice or accident that the especially fine paper, "Why 'Catholic' Novelist," by Lucille Borden was included in the Easter Sunday issue of AMERICA, April 3? Truly such an article cannot fail to arouse interest in the Catholic novel, or at least it should answer the objection that the Catholic novel is only a "castle in Spain."

Lucille Borden's womanhood lends to her genius, the exquisite and delicate insight which makes her ideas as inspiring as a fresh springtime wind, and surely the slushy streets of literature have need of such sweet breezes. Her entertaining discussion refutes the arguments about the impotency of the religious novel, while her fresh and charming words sweep aside the excuses of lowering Catholic standards to suit perverted modern tastes.

Montpelier, Vt.

R. H. BARRETT.

Our Catholic Home Missions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the correspondence section of your issue of March 27 the Director of the Propagation of Faith for the Archdiocese of New York takes pleasure in stating that the New York Archdiocese contributed in round numbers a half-million dollars last year "for the support of our Catholic Missions at home as well as abroad." He further states that the net amount contributed to the foreign missions was some \$470,000.

Now this, as we understand the figures, leaves only \$30,000 for home missions, including the general expenses of the office. In other words, while New York is doing handsomely by the foreign missions of the Church, she is doing relatively nothing for the home missions. And as for missions totals, Boston still

leads the United States, or for that matter the world, in mission generosity with \$750,000 for 1925.

Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in his Catholic Students' Mission Crusade pageant, "The Dreamer Awakes," pictured the Catholic youth of America as starting, through the rousing efforts of the Crusader, from their slumber of mission neglect and mission ignorance to a realization of their duty towards the home and foreign missions.

That symbolic Crusader, it would appear, needs to be sent for by Gotham to awaken the Catholics of New York to the other half of their missionary obligations. Even a sense of self preservation should make New York Catholics realize that if our home missions are neglected, if a Catholic rural population is not quickly built up, with immigration as good as stopped and with families naturally dying out on account of the artificial habitat of urban life, then our large cities will have to go backward in Catholic numbers and Catholic prestige. Their source of population will be dried up. So our alternative seems to be: either reach out in justice rather than in charity and save our spiritually destitute; or see the Church in America struck with sterility. Therefore, Catholic New Yorkers, let your right hand also become active.

Webster Groves, Mo.

LUCINDA CLEMENTS.

The Eastern Salesman Out West

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I emphatically agree with H. L. Roney, of Iowa (AMERICA, March 27), who answered the Eastern salesman about not having the hours of week-day and Sunday Mass posted in the hotels. There are two hotels near me, and in order to "bribe" them to have such a schedule on view, I had neat cards printed; I even went to the expense of having them framed in walnut and glassed. But the framed notices vanished; in fact, never appeared. I remonstrated with one of the hotels, and the answer I received was this: "Aw, I don't know where them skid-doodles go to." Any notice the Catholic Church wins, she must fight for, tooth, nail and tongue.

Orrtanna, Pa.

WILL W. WHALEN.

Our Only English Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A friend sends me the following clipping from the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee (March 27).

Wm. F. Markoe, in AMERICA (March 13), deplores that in a published list of "boosters" for the *Daily American Tribune*, only five per cent bear Irish-American names. The explanation is obvious. A body of readers grown accustomed to reading secular newspapers is not as easily satisfied with the Catholic daily as the good people just emerging from reading the foreign-language press.

All I can make out of it is that a body of readers grown accustomed to feeding on filth and swill is not so easily satisfied with pure food and unadulterated Christian doctrine as some of the meek and lowly members of God's Church.

To the writer, as a descendant from pre-Revolutionary stock, "all Americans look alike," regardless of the country of their nativity or ancestry, but knowing the remarkable record of "Irish-Americans" in the Revolution and all the walks of life since, he had expected to find them equally prominent in the launching and support of "our only Catholic daily in the language of the country."

The *Citizen* does not deny the alleged fact that they are not, but merely tries to excuse it, probably on the theory that "a poor excuse is better than none."

Were it not that "comparisons are odious," I might ask what is there in any Catholic weekly that is not found in our Catholic daily, with this difference, that while the former appears only

once a week, like the Protestant churches that open their doors only on Sunday, the latter appears six days a week, like our Catholic churches which are open for worship every day?

On the other hand, what Catholic weekly contains the modern, up-to-date, popular, fascinating features found in our daily, namely, clever cartoons, caricatures and comics, striking photos and illustrations, daily radio programs (Catholic as well as secular), crowded and graphically illustrated national sports columns, "Correspondents' Columns," "Young People's Page," a "Tiny American Tribune," etc., etc.—the very things that appeal so strongly to American youth, and by proper use can be made the vehicles of Catholic Truth in all walks of life, and are admirably calculated to develop a new generation of well informed, staunch, sturdy, fearless, practical Catholics, unashamed of their religion, and ready at any moment to "do and dare" for "God and Country"!

In conclusion permit me to remark that if all our Catholic weeklies showed the same indifference, not to say hostility, towards our infant Catholic daily, it would not be hard to understand why it has not yet reached the peak of success which its friends and supporters of all nationalities (but all good Americans) so earnestly desire for it!

White Bear Lake, Minn.

WM. F. MARKOE.

How Was the Spark of Faith Kept Burning?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Who will further detail the story of the "Irish Bishop of Danzig," told in the issue of AMERICA for March 20? How his forbears left Ireland is good history, but this descendant still has the Faith since 1760, when "two O'Rourke's, John and Cornelius," journeyed to the Land of the Czar—that would be the real story worth having. Did he and his go to Catholic Foundations at some unorthodox school? Did not the Rulers of White Russia demand uncompromising renunciation of Rome? Or is it possible that Russia never was the hell-hole she was always painted to be by the great Western nations? Will not Count O'Rourke in the Land of the Czars be held up as another thunder-bolt against "the times," on which so many have shunted responsibility for our filled prisons and empty churches.

I am interested in Count O'Rourke, Bishop of Danzig, because the baseball pitcher of the club of the Lingayen High School (1918), Lingayen, P. I., was a Moran—a Filipino in all but the name! How his Irish ancestor came up the Gulf of Lingayen he never knew—in fact he knew only that Moran was not Spanish. What could not a bishop of that name—a Filipino—do to stem the tide of the soup-house religions now going over the Islands!

And Moran of Lingayen recalls a Dr. Ward, in Hongkong, who came from London, via Marseilles (1920), on an N. Y. K. vessel with the late U. S. A. Chaplain, Joseph P. McQuaide of San Francisco.

Ward has just gotten everything in the medical profession that the University of London could give him and he was bound out to his native India—where he saw the light of day, got the Faith and an Irish name. Was it on the beach of Bombay or Calcutta that some British pirate threw a Ward who had been taken off a ship in the Indian Ocean? He was eating too much, so they threw him ashore to die! But note how he did not go to hell because of the Tropics, like the men without God in "White Cargo" or some of Kipling's people, but stood by his conscience, married, and one of his descendants takes honors from the University of Madras and returns to work for India! Neither did Moran go to perdition in Lingayen! His descendants are there with every prospect of continuing. And what of the O'Rourke's of Russia? Will some one tell how the tiny spark of his faith has been kept burning?

San Francisco.

M. D. ASHE.